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Petty—June at College

The Diary of an American Co-ed

By the Brilliant Satirist

Fish

1

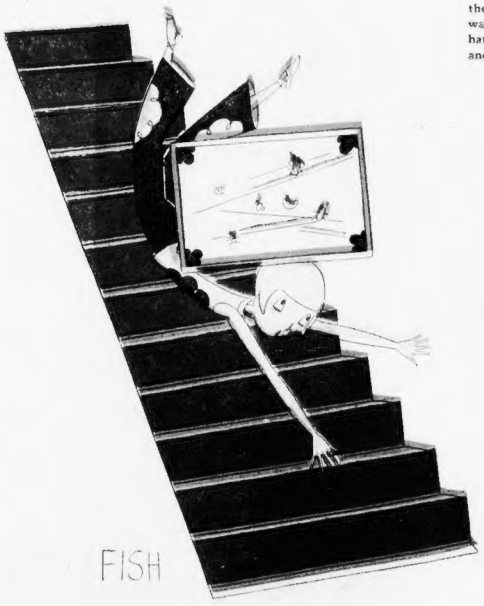
LAST night in the middle of the night I was simply fast asleep when I heard the fire alarm. So I grabbed Mother's and Daddy's pictures and my new slippers with the buckles and those *frightfully* cute monogrammed cigarettes Tom gave me last Christmas.

3

I MET this really nice fireman upstairs in the corridor, who gave me his coat and then said that as long as they were pouring water all over everything, I'd better take his hat, too. But they were too big and clumsy and soon fell off.

2

WHEN I got downstairs the Head of the House simply glared at me and sent me back into that absolutely flaming dormitory to put something on over my pajamas.



4

JUST as I started downstairs again this big glass case near me crashed on top of me and simply careened down simply *trillions* of steps with me under the case.

5

I AM quite a heroine, for this big case was simply full of literally invaluable bugs and what not, and they think I saved them. So they gave me honorable mention in Chapel and I was presented to the Captain of the Fire Brigade, who turned out to be the nice fireman. He never told them that it was the case that carried me off.

(To Be Continued)

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Caught The Art Pirates Raising Priceless Grecian Relics From The Sunken Galley

FATHOMS deep in the sea off Cape Artemesian, on the Northern coast of the Island of Euboea, lies the wreck of an ancient Roman galley of the third or fourth century. It contains treasure which has attracted the venturesome spirits who can never resist the lure of wealth, that is hidden from the sight of man.

The treasure of the galley consists of beautiful specimens of Greek art of the period when Grecian statuary was the marvel of the world. When the sunken galley was found by fishermen, some beautiful pieces were recovered. Among these was a bronze statue of a horse, of heroic size. Experts claim that antiquity has yielded no finer equestrian monument than this head and fragments of the statue from which it came represent.

Then there was a bronze statue of Poseidon (Neptune) and another of a boy riding a horse. The Poseidon is a superb work, and the archaeologists of the American and other schools in Athens identify it as a product of the golden age of Greek art, about the fifth century. Some of the experts declare it to be a finer piece of statuary that the Hermes of Praxiteles.

There were indications that the sunken galley might yield scores of similar treasures. At first the work of salvaging was undertaken by groups of archaeologists working more or less independently. Word spread that there was sunken treasure in the sea, and art pirates in the employ of Paris and London dealers went to the scene in a variety of craft, and began to go after the treasure. It was a group of these who were surprised in the act of raising the statue of the bronze Poseidon. They were able to make their escape, but they could not take their priceless find with them. The authorities, getting news of the danger of leaving the sunken galley unwatched, promptly instituted a patrol, which has been in effect ever since. Archaeologists are working under protection of this patrol to recover the rest of the statuary on the galley.

Apparently there were scores of pieces on the galley when it was sunk. It is generally known that the ancient Romans had no artistic culture of their own. They did have an appreciation of art, and the means with which to satisfy their cravings to accumulate beautiful things made of marble and bronze. The great sculptors were in Greece. Much in the same manner as present-day American millionaires scour Europe for works of art, the Romans of that period scoured Greece. They purchased shiploads of Greek statuary for their palaces and villas in Rome. Canny contractors rounded up Greek sculptors and put them to work turning out the statues. The sculptors got scant pay for their work; the contractors reaped fortunes. The Roman buyers were not only appreciative but liberal.

There seems to be no doubt that the galley was laden with one of these consignments of Greek art for the Roman market, and sank on its way over.

The Greek Government is resolved that none of the treasures of the galley will ever get into the hands of foreign collectors. They feel that for generations Greece has been despoiled of its art. It was not long ago that Greece demanded that the famous Elgin marbles be taken back from London to Athens, whence they were created. These marbles, which once decorated the Parthenon, include most of the extant masterpieces of Phidias. They were secured in 1816 by Lord Elgin, a British ambassador of Scotch descent, when the works of art were at the mercy of the Turks.

Bronze Statue of a Horse, of Heroic Size. Experts Claim That Antiquity Has Yielded No Finer Equestrian Monument Than That Which This Head and Fragments Represent.

Bronze Statue of Poseidon (Neptune) Recovered From the Sunken Galley Off the Island of Euboea.

Bronze Statue of a Boy Riding a Horse, Another Fine Specimen of Grecian Art Recovered From the Sunken Ship.

The new Greek Republic, freed from its foreign kings, is demanding insistently the return of its national art treasures. If there is a moral obligation on England to return the Elgin marbles to Greece, the same obligation rests, in some measure, upon all nations to return important Greek masterpieces which they possess. France displays proudly in her national museum the immortal Venus de Milo and the almost equally famous Winged Victory of Samothrace, as well as some fragments of the Parthenon. The museums of New York, Chicago, Boston and other American cities would perhaps be required to yield some of their best art treasures to Greece.

It is difficult for people today to realize what the Acropolis, the temple-covered, rock hill around which the ancient city of Athens was massed, actually represented not only to the Athenians, but to all Greece. Twenty-five hundred years ago it was the breathing centre of the greatest civilization the world had seen up to that time. Upon the top of the Acropolis was the temple of the patron goddess of the city, Pallas Athene or Minerva. Here, too, were the capitol and a dozen other great centers of learning and political activity. Around its base clustered other temples and enormous theatres, where the greatest tragedies and comedies that the world has known were presented. After many centuries of neglect, this spot, incomparably the richest in promise of treasures of art, literature and science, is being literally sifted for its precious secrets by American scientists.

Starting with a fund of $2,000,000 and unlimited license to explore, the American School of Archaeology at Athens is excavating under the guidance of the distinguished Professor Edgar Capps. As many more millions as the archaeologists will want are ready for them. The Greek Government has magnanimously agreed to let the Americans spend as much money as may prove necessary. Not a single article, not a statue nor a column can be taken away. But the scientists can make replicas of anything they may discover. In like manner, the American scientists now at work salvaging the treasures of the sunken galley may copy any of the statuary they find, but may not keep a single piece for themselves.

The arrangement with the American archaeologists is somewhat the same as Greece made with France for excavating Delphi, where the famous oracle of Apollo used to be, and with Germany for excavating Olympia, which was the great center for the worship of the Olympian Zeus, or Jupiter.

What makes the Acropolis so rich in promise is that it is certainly not the solid mass of rock it seems to be from the outside. Passages and tunnels have already been found, by means of which the priests and their acolytes made their way, unseen, from the base of the mountain to the temples on the top, suddenly appearing therein as though by miracle. Crypts and other subterranean chambers are indicated, and it is more than likely that the whole rocky mass is honeycombed with galleries, chambers and, it may be, even ancient temples.

Science Finds That the Ear, Not the Eye, Teaches the Human Brain

"IN the beginning was the Word," says the Bible, and Science finds that this is literally true of the spoken word as far as human intelligence is concerned. The road to the mind and heart of man is not through the eye but the ear.

The human brain could never have evolved beyond that of the ape without speech. Even today a child born with a normal brain will grow up an idiot if deaf from birth unless the most elaborate pains are taken to give it substitutes for spoken words. On the other hand, children born blind, but with good hearing, are in no greater danger of mental deficiency than normal children and the character of the blind is, if anything, higher than the average.

The slang expression, "dumb," meaning stupid, is really not slang at all but the return to the current language of the ancient and correct observation among all races that a person who is dumb is also stupid and if he is deaf he is stupid. Of course, this does not apply to the deafness of old age, where the mind is already developed to its capacity.

Prof. Robert Briffault, in his recent three-volume mine of interesting information, "The Mothers," published by the Macmillan Company of New York, shows that even children with good hearing, unless talked to by someone, grow up as dumb animals—in other words, idiots. Exercise of the higher form of intelligence, commonly known as thinking, is really talking and the natural form of thought is thinking out loud.

The baby's interminable babble is its first attempts to think as a human being. Later it is forced for practical reasons to conceal its thoughts by learning the art of thinking silently. Still the thoughts continue to be uttered in the brain, but our minds and vocal chords are inhibited from voicing them.

Even so they hover so close to being vocalized that the expression of our lips often betrays us and when startled a person is more than likely to blurt out his thought.

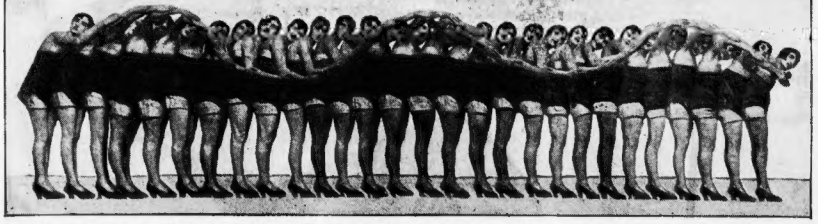
Every teacher has noticed with amusement that her small pupils, in learning to write, work their lips and tongue almost as hard as their hands. Science has puzzled over that almost universal trait and hazarded the guess that it harked back to man's animal ancestry, when the mouth worked with the paws in all intricate tasks. It now seems more likely that the childish brain, striving very hard over the task of forming letters, wants to think out loud. But as this is forbidden in the class room the lips and tongue writhe in dumb anguish.

All the human being receives at birth from heredity is a brain capable of learning to think, but it is the words that its mother speaks to it over the cradle that starts the child on the road to thought. Suppressing the natural tendency to speak the thoughts out is a strain like any inhibition. People who are alone much of the time relieve themselves of this nervous burden, just as they take off a tight collar when nobody is around.

Old folks, in whom all social inhibitions become weakened, tend to go around muttering to themselves for the same reason. It has often been noted that inmates of lunatic asylums frequently all talk at the same time, without showing annoyance that nobody is listening to anybody. The reason is that they are really not addressing anyone, but merely thinking out loud.

The skull of a very ancient creature, as much like an ape as a man, has been put forward as possibly that of the first human being and, on account of the formation of the skull bones, called "Homo Alalus," the speechless or dumb man. But if he was speechless, he was not a man because he could not form the thoughts that set man aside from the dumb animals. The missing link would, therefore, be the ape-like creature that first made babbling, childish attempts to convey ideas by speech.

That the word was his most precious possession was deeply impressed on early man, as shown by savage tribes and traditions of early, civilized races. The main power of witch doctors was supposed to lie in their knowing how to pronounce magic words.



Interesting Photograph of a Group of Ballet Dancers Who Recently Were Sent to Paris From Moscow. They Attained Immediate Success in a Serpentine Number, in Which the Young Women Wear Scaled Gloves, and Produce With Their Arms, the Lithe Body of a Snake. They Are Making a European Tour in the Interest of the Soviet Government.

How Chief Horse Feathers' Scalp Caused a Feud in the Pawnee Tribe

Miss Ruby Dog Tooth, of the Pawnee Tribe, Who Is Demanding the Historic Scalp, Which Was the Possession of Chief Horse Feathers, Who Died Recently.

SERIOUS trouble is brewing on the Pawnee Indian reservation in Oklahoma. Miss Ruby Dog Tooth is frankly after Mrs. Chief Horse Feathers' scalp. She vows she won't let up until she gets it.

It is not the scalp that adorns Mrs. Horse Feathers' head that Miss Dog Tooth covets, but an old Sioux scalp in Mrs. Horse Feathers' possession.

It all came about this way: Chief Horse Feathers of the 800 Pawnees on the Oklahoma reservation died a few months ago. His most cherished possession was the scalp of a Sioux Chieftain he slew in battle more than sixty years ago. His second wife took possession of the relic.

Miss Dog Tooth, a granddaughter of Horse Feathers, claimed the scalp because she was of his blood. She cited old tribal laws and stormed and threatened, but Mrs. Horse Feathers remained unmoved and refused to part with the trophy.

The quarrel was taken to Major Gordon W. Lillie, better known as Pawnee Bill, whose ranch adjoins the Pawnee reservation. He has been "White Chief" of the Pawnees since 1879. He called in Riding In, commonly called Old Bill, medicine man of the Pawnees, for a conference, but the problem was too complicated for even those two.

The widow Horse Feathers claimed the scalp as her dowry right, tribal laws and blood ties to the contrary nothwithstanding. As she has nine-tenths of the law on her side in the way of possession, she has so far kept the scalp.

But a great Indian Council has been called of the nineteen tribes having reservations in Oklahoma. The chief of each tribe will be present. Chief Bacon Rind of the wealthy Osages will preside.

Feeling among the Oklahoma Indians runs high, especially among the Otoes, Ponchos and Osages, who are neighbors of the Pawnees and have freely intermarried with them. The Council will be held in the Spring in an old Indian Council house built on Major Lillie's ranch in 1878.

If the Indian Council does not decide satisfactorily the question of who gets the scalp, Miss Dog Tooth says she will bring civil action in the White Man's courts. The local justice of the peace in whose jurisdiction the case would be heard has promised, in this event, to hold court in the Indian Council house on Pawnee Bill's ranch and call in the nineteen chiefs as advisers.

The history of the scalp goes back more than 60 years. In 1864, when the Pawnees were living on the plains of Nebraska, the United States Government formed them into Scout Squads under white officers and used them in fighting the Sioux, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes who were then giving almost as much trouble to Uncle Sam in the West as was General Robert E. Lee and the Confederates in the South.

Eleven companies of these Pawnee scouts were formed. The Pawnees were delighted, as it gave them a chance to destroy their hereditary enemies, the Sioux. The white officers allowed the Indian Scouts to scalp their fallen foes.

Horse Feathers, who recently died at the ripe old age of 97, was a member of one of these Scout Troops. Horse Feathers' Indian name is Loo-har-oo-we-tooke, and Horse Feathers is the nearest translation possible.

In 1867 at Summit Springs, Neb., Horse Feathers' troop surprised and routed a Sioux band under Chief Lone Bull. Horse Feathers himself engaged Lone Bull in battle, killed him and promptly detached his scalp. This is the trophy which is now causing all the trouble among the Oklahoma Indians.

It is a high honor for any Indian to secure a scalp in battle, but to obtain a chief's scalp makes the lucky warrior almost a superman in the eyes of his tribe. That is why Lone Bull's scalp is considered so valuable by the Pawnees and their related tribes.

The eight hundred Pawnees on the reservation are about evenly divided as to the respective merits of the claims of Mrs. Horse Feathers and Miss Dog Tooth. So are the Osages, Otoes and Ponchos, who all have relatives by marriage among the Pawnees. Interest has spread to the other tribes of the State, as the points of tribal law and blood ties are argued.

The gathering of Indian Chiefs in the old Council House on Pawnee Bill's ranch next Spring promises to be one of the most picturesque Indian events of recent years. Miss Dog Tooth seems to have the support of the male element, while feminine friends of the widow rally to the cry of "Horse Feathers"

Mrs. Horse Feathers, Widow of the Chief, Who Is Disputing Miss Dog Tooth's Claim. The Controversy Has Caused a Feud in the Oklahoma Tribe.

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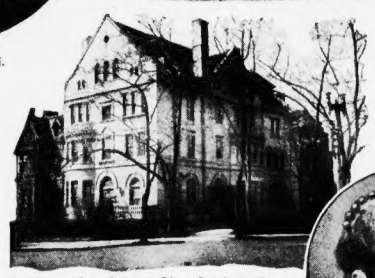
Princess Lippe-Lipski Packs Away Her Family Skeletons

But Is It Quite Fair to the Public to Promise a Rich, Variegated and Unusual Assortment of Scandals and Then Refuse to Finish the Story—Like a Movie Thriller Cut Off at the Most Interesting Part

The Princess Elaine Lippe-Lipski.

Family Group at an Italian Garden Party Given on the Estate of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Henderson and Showing the Princess Lippe-Lipski Standing Beside Mrs. Henderson Who Holds the Sunshade.



Residence of the Princess Lippe-Lipski on Scott Circle in Washington.

Old Photograph of Mrs. Lydia A. Stoever, the Mother.

After All the Heated Charges and Countercharges and Denials and Rattling of the Bones of the Family Skeletons the Princess Lippe-Lipski Decided Not to Go Through With the Threatened and Promised Legal Actions and Suddenly Shut the Closet Door on the Whole Mess and Mystery.

THE former Princess Elaine von der Lippe-Lipski's long-drawn-out and uproarious alienation of affections suit against her sister, Mrs. Gertrude Schroeder, for $100,000 has come to a sudden and disappointing end. It was just as the two battlers were going into court for the last round to prove or disprove all the astonishing things these unusual ladies have publicly called each other. The Princess is an American woman.

The announcement was made that a judge of the New York Supreme Court whose name has not been given out had persuaded the sisters to kiss and make up. The scene must have been almost as touching as the reconciliation of a couple of gangsters.

But what about the public, all full of curiosity and sympathy and now left flat, just as the gong was about to sound for the big fight? There were a lot of mysteries the public wanted cleared up and some, at least, it had a right to know more about—for instance, those affidavits of bribery, perjury and subornation of perjury.

Perjury is a serious offense. Earl Carroll was sent to Atlanta Prison for not telling the truth about what was in a bath tub. It should be equally serious when and if a Princess' two maids perjure themselves about what they saw in a bedroom.

Judges are generally supposed to referee legal bouts, not to stop them, but anything can happen when this divorced Princess goes to law. As far as is known, she is the first Princess, Duchess, Countess, Baroness or Deaconess who ever managed to so infuriate her own lawyer that he could not resist punching her in the eye, just once, so hard they had to put raw beefsteak on it in the hospital.

What could she have done? Sister Gertrude had some letters and was going to explain that point in court, but now, that too, is lost to history.

One of the interesting assertions made by Elaine was that Gertrude was really not her sister at all. This seems to have been the only one that failed to make Mrs. Schroeder angry. However, she somewhat regretfully denied it.

The sisters have denied each and every statement about them made by the other. But this repudiation also involved repudiation of their common mother, Mrs. Lydia A. Stoever, once proprietress of the Eastern Hotel, an ancient hostelry for sailors on South Street, New York City, and famous as the place where Barnum hid the "Cardiff Giant."

For some reason, Mrs. Stoever resented being repudiated and the city of Washington, D. C., was much amused at the argument that followed. Like many of Elaine's adventures this brought her into court, sued by her alleged mama for defamation of character. Presumably, Mrs. Stoever was right because when the old lady died Elaine put in a vigorous demand for a daughter's share of the estate, and the other day received it from sister Gertrude at the peace conference. Elaine's notion that she was born and reared, not in the old Eastern Hotel, but in a mansion of the Blairs of Virginia, seems to have been a slight mistake of memory.

Elaine began to be a sort of public entertainer in 1923, shortly after she married Prince Nikolai Vladimir von der Lippe-Lipski, of Westphalia (where the famous hams come from) and in his youth a page to the Russian Czar. The Prince went to the altar in Washington under the impression that his bride was the widow of Wendell Phillips, of Boston, an army aviator who had died in the Philippines and was a direct descendant of the great Wendell Phillips.

After a short and uneasy married life the Prince discovered that his Princess had not been exactly a widow because her first husband was still alive. Also his name was not Wendell but Charles Lee Phillips; he was not from Boston, nor an aviation officer, but a chauffeur from Philadelphia. Besides this the first husband denied that he had ever been divorced. Having pointed these things out to his Princess, the Prince bade her a polite but formal farewell and went back to Westphalia.

Lest anyone should think that these slight discrepancies about her past were the cause of the Prince's departure, Elaine blamed everything on her sister, Mrs. Schroeder, a wealthy widow. To prove it, she brought suit against her husband, named her sister as co-respondent and demanded $100,000 damages for alienation of his affections.

Among other charges, Elaine said she had raided her sister's home one night, causing the Prince to jump out of Gertrude's bedroom window and that the raiding party had found Lippe-Lipski's fancy waistcoat under his sister-in-law's bed. Mrs. Schroeder denied that the Prince had been there at all that night, said that their relations had always been quite proper and took her sister's action as a joke.

When the suit came to trial she didn't even bother to attend. This was a mistake because Elaine won by default, not only a divorce, but that $100,000 damages against Gertrude. When Gertrude came back from a trip in Europe and learned that Elaine actually meant to collect the money, the fur began to fly.

She employed lawyers and detectives to look into the evidence Elaine had presented to the court and presently there were more resounding charges. The main evidence had come from Elaine's two maids, who testified positively to the misbehavior of the Prince and Mrs. Schroeder. Now this same pair made affidavits admitting that they had cheerfully lied on the witness stand.

One of them, Alice Thomas, who had changed her name to Alice Lewis after graduating from a reformatory, stated, according to affidavits, that she had identified Mrs. Schroeder under threats from the Princess of exposing the maid's police record. So Alice had obligingly sworn to seeing Mrs. Schroeder with the Prince at Atlantic High lands at a time when she hadn't seen her at all.

Marie Davis, the other maid, had no criminal record but obliged in a similar way, she said, in consideration of a promise of $500 when her mistress won the suit. She said that "the Princess coached me on how and what to say."

On the strength of these disclosures the court granted a reopening of the case. At the same time the Prince, from far-off Westphalia, vainly tried to have the marriage annulled on the grounds that his wife had deceived him about her previous husband and other matters of her past.

As part of her defense, Mrs. Schroeder offered to introduce evidence that Elaine had been carrying on various affairs with other men, from which alleged facts Gertrude argued that there could not have been much of any affections to alienate. But Gertrude was legally all wrong. A wife may be shamelessly untrue and care nothing for her husband, but as long as she can fool him, the betrayed husband may continue to respect and love his worthless wife and his affections have a cash value to her. Supreme Court Justice Mullan of New York put Gertrude right on the matter in the following illuminating statement:

"She might be a naughty woman, and though she may have had no affection for her husband, he may have had affection for her. The question is whether she had any rights in her husband's affection and not whether she had any right to have love affairs on the side."

Judge Mullan, however, did grant a motion to amend Mrs. Schroeder's answer, admitting evidence of these other love affairs as possible mitigation of her demand for $100,000 damages.

Mrs. Schroeder promised to introduce four "burning" love letters said to have been written by her sister to the same lawyer who blacked her eye. And there was an affidavit signed by Albert F. Westfall, treasurer of the Carry-On-Club, a disabled veteran's organization in Washington which the Princess had helped found and in which she retained an apartment for herself. Westfall described the love-making he saw between the Princess and her lawyer as "violent" and said that her pet names for him were "old dear" and "old devil." It must have been in the latter capacity that he swung on her.

When it was pointed out to Gertrude that the court might not consider punching a lady in the eye a convincing sign of love, she is said to have replied:

"Fighting cats have most kittens."

As some evidence that the Prince had cared for her $100,000 worth, the Princess Elaine pointed to their little child, the Prince Nikolky, supposed to have been born four months after the divorce. Gertrude answered that Nikolky was not the Prince's anyway. That assertion brought the argument back to white heat again and in the course of it Gertrude also claimed that Elaine was not even the child's mother.

Counsel for the Princess contended that the baby's legitimacy had been established in a court in the Bronx in 1924 and affirmed by a decision of the Appellate Division. Anyway Justice Mullan struck out all reference to the child. He had to put a limit somewhere to the claims of these curious litigants that nobody is what he or she purports to be. They might end up by asserting that the court-house was only a theatre.

It was perhaps pain at Gertrude's unkind remarks that caused the divorced Princess to come to the conclusion that the two ladies could not be sisters.

Others were unkind, too, and Elaine thinks that if she hadn't been laid up in the hospital with a beefsteak on one of her innocent blue eyes, she might have collected for $100,000 worth of "slanderous" remarks by people who were not in the family. Lately Elaine has employed only female lawyers who presumably do not have such a punch.

It is a pity that the real truth of that raid may now never be known. At the time, the Prince stated that his wife had taken that waistcoat with her and thrown it under the bed and that she had urged him to have an affair with her sister so they would be able to "get into the Schroeder fortune." But he had not cared to get rich in that way. This, like each and every other thing that anyone has said about the sisters in connection with the various legal proceedings, was vehemently denied.

A queer detail of the Princess' life while she was still married to Phillips boiled up to the surface during the battle between the sisters. In 1914, Elaine somehow discovered a bona fide French Countess named Renee de Montesse. The only things wrong with her were that she was an orphan, penniless and living with her needy grandparents. Elaine persuaded the old folks to let her adopt the child. She was sent to America, passed the immigration authorities at Ellis Island and reached the future Princess, then plain Mrs. Phillips, living in Westchester.

But something went mysteriously wrong and Elaine did not adopt her perfectly good little Countess. She says that it was because the Westchester authorities put obstacles in her way and this, like everything else, was denied. For whatever cause, the titled infant became a ward of the Westchester tax-payers until the county deported the wondering little maiden back to her even more wondering grandparents. It later developed that little Renee is the key to a great French fortune but that nobody will be able to turn that key and cash in on it for about thirty years.

Nobody knows how many fine moving picture plots that judge killed by wiping those two strenuous sisters from the public eye. But is it quite fair to the public to start such a cat-and-dog romps in the courts and then shut the door on all these family skeletons so that the real truth about it all will never be recorded?

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Talked the Burglar Out of Stealing the $125,000 Ring

WALKING into her dimly lighted boudoir just after she and her husband had said good night to dinner guests, Mrs. Claude K. Boettcher, wife of a millionaire investment banker, of Denver, Colorado, came upon a burglar ransacking the drawers of a dressing table.

Instead of fainting, or screaming, or doing any other of the foolish things women are expected to do under such circumstances, Mrs. Boettcher calmly talked the burglar out of the house. Incidentally, she saved a 22-carat emerald cut diamond worth $125,000, which she was wearing on one of her fingers, and a $15,000 rope of pearls which encircled her neck. She had worn the diamond a short time before at a fancy dress party, and it is thought the burglar might have seen it then or heard of it and decided to make an effort to steal it.

Mrs. Boettcher's father-in-law, Charles Boettcher, was ill in bed in an adjoining room with two physicians in attendance, but no part of the colloquy between the woman and the burglar reached them. In fact, no one was aware of the little drama enacted in Mrs. Boettcher's boudoir until she, after the departure of the burglar through the window by which he had entered, ran tremblingly to the head of the staircase and called to her husband, who was absorbed in a radio broadcast in the library on the ground floor.

A careless painter, who had been working about the premises during the day, played into the hands of the burglar when he left a ladder resting against a second-floor balcony.

The burglar scaled the ladder and found the window overlooking the balcony unlocked.

He couldn't have been in the house very long before Mrs. Boettcher surprised him, for he had not found so much as a lingerie pin to reward him for his daring when the denouement came.

His back was to the door and the heavy nap on the hall carpet prevented him from hearing Mrs. Boettcher's approach. So he was greatly startled when Mrs. Boettcher spoke. The burglar wheeled to face her, at the same time covering the lower portion of his face with a handkerchief he held in his left hand. His right hand slipped into his coat pocket and came out with a pistol. He advanced quickly on Mrs. Boettcher and jammed the barrel of the weapon against her body.

"Not a word!" he commanded.

"Take that gun away from here," said Mrs. Boettcher mildly. "It might be loaded."

"You're darned right it's loaded," said the burglar grimly.

"Foolish," said Mrs. Boettcher. "Foolish to carry a loaded gun with you. Suppose you got nervous and your hand slipped. You might hurt me. You might even kill me. Come on, put it down."

The young man obeyed. The gun lowered.

"I don't want to hurt you," said the burglar. "I don't want any bloodshed if I can avoid it."

"It would be very easy to avoid it," she said. "You may go. I won't make any trouble for you at all. You're not cut out for a burglar. You're much too nice a young man."

"Thanks," the young man murmured gratefully. "You're rather nice, too. If I'd have had any idea of how nice you were, I'd not have picked this house to burgle. But now that I'm here, I'm afraid I'll have to go through with it."

His manner was not at all that of the story-book burglar.

His tones were not guttural, Mrs. Boettcher said, and he did not slur his words. He was well dressed and of more than ordinary refinement.

"Look here, young man," she said, "if you value your liberty you'd better get out of here the way you came, and make it snappy. The house is full of people downstairs, and there's a watchman, who comes around every half hour."

At mention of the watchman the youth sidled around Mrs. Boettcher, backed out the door and ran for the open window. He was well out of the neighborhood when the police arrived.

"I don't know how I was able to keep possession of my nerve," Mrs. Boettcher told the officers. "The first thought that flashed into my mind when walked in upon him was that if I screamed he would shoot me.

"Then, I figured if I fainted I would be utterly at the mercy of the fellow, and would wake up to find myself stripped of my jewels and probably also minus other jewelry that was in the room. So I just decided to try a bluff on him and—it worked."

The Pretentious Home of the Boettchers in Denver, From Which the Burglar Was Practically Thrown Out by the Woman He Had Come to Rob.

Claude H. Boettcher, the Millionaire Husband of Mrs. Boettcher, Who Sat Quietly at His Radio, Unaware That a Burglar Was in His Wife's Room.

Mrs. Boettcher in the Costume She Wore at Her Fancy Dress Party, When the Thief Spotted the Famous Diamond She Was Wearing.

Mrs. Claude H. Boettcher, of Denver, Who Saved Her Famous Jewels by Dissuading the Young Desperado Who Had Entered Her Home.

First Hotel for Fliers

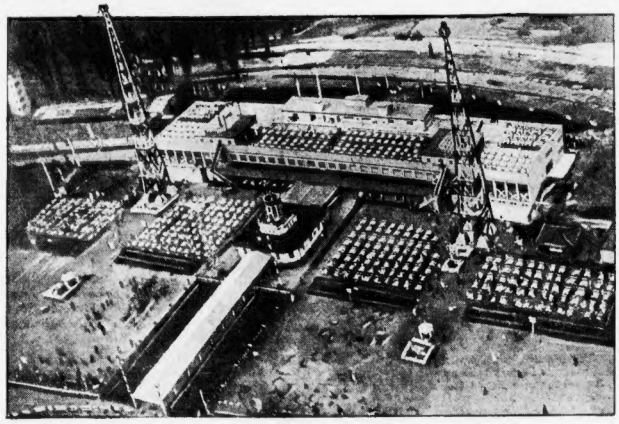
BERLIN, Jan. 16.

THE world's first hotel for fliers has been put up on Templehofer Field, near Berlin. It is a further indication of the fact that Germany today is mistress of the world as far as commercial aviation is concerned. Her airlines stretch from city to city in direct competition with the railroads, and her influence extends to every adjoining country.

As a general rule airports are located relatively far away from the centers of cities. People arriving by airplane, as a general thing, are forced to transfer their baggage to a motor car, and thus proceed to the city. At Templehofer Field this will no longer be necessary. Patrons of the air line will be able to get out of a plane or dirigible at Templehofer, and proceed directly to the hotel.

This policy is being extended to all the German airports. A large and luxurious hotel is planned for every landing place of the Luft Hansa, the monster flying corporation resulting from the amalgamation of the Junkers and Aero-Lloyd. Today this great company has an influence in Germany only comparable with that of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in Canada. And, like the Canadian company, which built hotels and developed real estate all along its right of way, the German company is going in for a great program of hotels along its right of way. The machines of the Luft Hansa, full of passengers, Winter and Summer, run to schedule with the regularity of the railways, and the fares are lower than those on the first-class trains.

Today in Germany it is possible to travel five hundred miles in a night by air sleeper. Berlin is one of the best equipped aviation cities in the world. The city operates a main guiding light of a quarter of a billion candle power and eight large lights of five thousand candle power to aid fliers at night.



The Airport at Templehofer Field, Berlin, Showing the World's First Hotel for Fliers.

Destroyed Kauai's Spouting Horn

ONE of the world's most interesting natural curiosities has been destroyed for utilitarian reasons. Because it had the effect of sprinkling with salt land that was cultivated, the famous Spouting Horn on the Island of Kauai, in the Hawaiian archipelago, is no more.

The Spouting Horn was located not far from the seashore. From a sort of crater in the rocks there rose at intervals a column of water hundreds of feet high, somewhat resembling a geyser. As it rose, it gave forth a sound like that of an enormous trumpet. In stormy weather the column sometimes reached a height exceeding 300 feet.

The Spouting Horn had been doing its remarkable "stunt" for centuries. Doubtless it was "blowing" at regular intervals when Captain Cook, the famous navigator, discovered the island. By the natives it has always been regarded with a superstitious awe.

As the column of water ascended, the trade winds blew much of it inland, in the form of "spindrift," and in the sunshine it made a beautiful rainbow.

The cause of the phenomenon, when ascertained, proved to be simple enough. Running inland for some distance, beneath the rocky formation along shore, and below the level of low tide, was a sort of tunnel, formed by nature. This tunnel led to an upward opening which was the spouting hole. When waves broke on the shore, they drove some of their water through the tunnel and out of the hole. The tunnel being contracted toward its inner end, and the exit hole of no great size, the force exerted was sufficiently intensified to send the water column to a great height.

Unfortunately, the "spindrift" carried inland by the wind had the effect of sprinkling with salt water a great area of cultivated land. It destroyed the productivity of the soil.

Hence it was declared a nuisance, and decision was reluctantly made to smash the Spouting Horn. It was blown up the other day with dynamite.

Science Measures the Country's Toll of Blood Annually Paid the Mosquito

WHAT is the amount of the blood tax annually levied by mosquitoes upon the people of the United States?

The average mosquito, we may expect, draws only half a drop of blood from the veins of the victim. That seems a very little until it is used as a basis of reckoning.

A gill of blood contains approximately 2,500 drops. Hence a quart would contain 18,880 drops, or enough to provide one meal for 37,760 mosquitoes.

The population of the United States is estimated at 110,000,000. Suppose that the average person in this country suffers ten mosquito bites in the course of a year. That guess must surely be under the mark, considering how vastly numerous 'skeets are in some regions, especially the South.

Accepting that figure, with half a drop per bite, a brief calculation will show that the total quantity of blood drawn by mosquitoes in a twelve-month from the American people is about 29,131 quarts, or 7,283 gallons.

A whiskey barrel holds fifty gallons. Thus it would appear that the mosquitoes of the United States annually require more than one hundred and forty-five barrels of human blood to satisfy their thirst for gore.

That quantity would just about fill a tank of the bigness of a fair-sized room, ten feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet high.

The body of an average adult person contains nearly two gallons of blood. Thus it may be reckoned that the American lady mosquito—it is only the female that bites—consumes in a year's time a quantitative equivalent of the total vital fluid of more than 3,750 grown-up people, a sufficient number to populate a fair-sized town.

Forty years ago almost nothing was known about mosquitoes, except that their stings made them a nuisance. It had only begun to be suspected that they spread the infection of malaria. A mosquito was a mosquito, and the fact that there were many different kinds was as yet unsuspected.

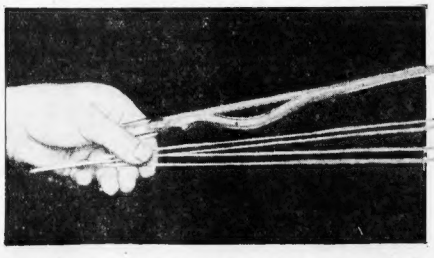
The Government Bureau of Entomology has recently listed 1,035 species of mosquitoes native to the United States, and every now and then discovery is made of their responsibility for the carrying—for the very existence—of some disease not previously charged to them.

Thus, in the Canal Zone, mosquitoes have been proved guilty of carrying about with them the young of another and very dangerous insect, and affording it an opportunity to attack human beings. It is a tiny "bothy," whose grub bores into the flesh and there develops, causing painful swellings and abscesses.

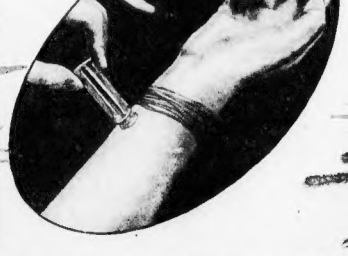
The winged bothy lays its eggs on the body of the mosquito, a little packet of eight or ten, fastening them with a varnish that instantly dries. When the mosquito bites a person the fly grubs emerge and make their way into the punctured wound.

The plague "dengue," which has recently sickened millions of people in Greece, causing utmost distress and alarm, would be regarded as wholly mysterious but for the discovery made only a few years ago, that it owes its spread to a species of mosquito called Culex fatigans.

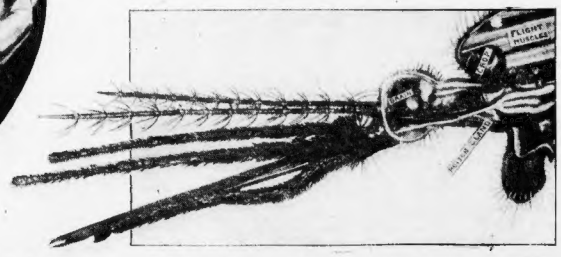
Dengue is a not uncommon disease in our own Southern States. It is otherwise known as "breakbone fever," and, though rarely fatal, is liable to disable the sufferer for months. The symptoms are high fever, terrible pain in the bones, and a rash like that of scarlet fever.



Reproduction in Glass of the Incisive and Blood-sucking Weapons of the Female Mosquito, Used in Measuring the Amount of Blood Consumed by the Insect.



Capturing a Mosquito at Its Work Without Injuring It, So That the Quantity of Blood It Has Consumed Can Be Measured.



Greatly Enlarged Photograph of the Feelers and the Proboscis of the Female Mosquito, and the Apparatus It Uses for "Biting" Its Victim.

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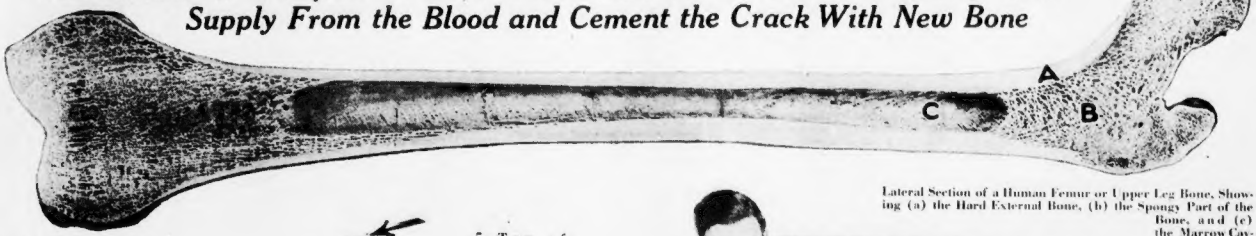
When You Break A Leg—Who Gives the Orders for Repairs?

Professor Collip Discovers That the Injury Is Reported Over the Nerve Telephone to the Little Parathyroid Gland (in the Front of the Neck) and Promptly Orders Are Issued for a Repair Crew of Osteoblasts to Get Their Necessary Lime Supply From the Blood and Cement the Crack With New Bone



Lateral Section of a Human Femur or Upper Leg Bone, Showing (a) the Hard External Bone, (b) the Spongy Part of the Bone, and (c) the Marrow Cavity. It Would Be Quite a Complicated Job for a Jeweler to Mend a Break in This Bone, and He Would Require Many Tools and Supplies. But Nature Manages Its Repairs Efficiently and Without Tools, Using Supplies Found in the Blood.

A BROKEN bone is not often regarded as an amusement, yet if each victim of such an accident could lie in bed painlessly and watch through a powerful microscope precisely what was going on where the ends of his broken leg or broken arm were slowly knitting together, that spectacle would be at least interesting.

For most people it would be truly enthralling since no more marvelous operations are carried out by any part of that wonderful contrivance called the human body than those which accompany the repair of a fractured bone.

Bone possesses, anatomists point out, greater powers of repair than any other tissue of the body. Considering the magnitude of the task, the workers that must accomplish it and the ways in which rebuilding materials must be supplied, even the boasted feats of repair crews on man-made bridges or buildings or railways are dwarfed by what goes on when a bone is cemented together after a fracture.

Several experts on scientific motion pictures have attempted to catch the bone builders at their work. No one has succeeded. The living crews of bone repair cells are so shy and temperamental, for example, that they refuse absolutely to grow outside the body, in special chemical solutions like those in which Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute has kept alive for fifteen years his famous bits of muscle tissue from the heart of a chicken. On the job of fixing bones the tiny repair crews do well and immediately. But they decline to be put on display for human curiosity.

This is a pity, for a motion picture film displaying truly what scientific men have learned these last few years about the repair of bones would be among the most entrancing spectacles that persons interested in the science of their own bodies could ever see. Not only are the remarkable activities of the first rank of repair cells to be considered, but there exists another crew of cells, coming along later and evidently differently constituted, whose duty seems to be to take down the emergency framework which the first cells have erected and to built in stronger one in its place, for all the world as though a crew of bridge builders on a railway first put up a temporary bridge so that trains could run as quickly as possible, and then replaced this at their leisure with a structure stronger and more suited to last.

Railway engineers tell a story of an experienced bridge foreman who was sent to a spot where a bridge had burned, and was told to get the plans of a new bridge from the engineer and to erect the bridge accordingly. A few days later the superintendent asked him by wire whether the engineer's plans had been received. The foreman replied, so the story runs, that he was not sure whether the engineer had finished "drawing the picture" but that the bridge was up and the trains running.

No carefully worked plans were necessary for that kind of emergency bridge and for that kind of a foreman. Yet engineers who think of this story, as sometimes they do, as a slur on their profession need only to remember that sooner or later that emergency bridge, which was perhaps the thing most necessary at the moment, needed to be replaced by a structure on which more engineering talent has been spent.

Even the most materialistic of anatomists cannot miss seeing the parallel to all this in the way that Nature fixes bones. The second bone bridge, built in more leisurely fashion by the repair crews in the fracture, is a true engineering structure. It even has tie rods and girders and trusses quite like a man-built bridge across a gap in a railway. The first emergency repairs have none of these features. They are merely a kind of cement poured into the gap and hardened as much as possible in the shortest possible time.

There is even for the bone repair crews something resembling the railway superintendent who issues the orders, for it begins to appear that this duty of sending out the complicated instructions that are necessary devolves, at least in part, on a tiny gland no larger than a grain of wheat situated in the human neck.

Evidence that this gland, stirred into action, doubtless by nerve messages from the neighborhood of the broken bone, does something to facilitate and hasten the bone repair was first emphasized a few months ago by a distinguished Canadian physiologist, Professor J. B. Collip, of the University of Alberta. Other investigators in the United States and abroad have added facts to complete the history. Recently Dr. H. A. Harris, of University College, London, reviewed the whole story of how broken bones are repaired, concluding that full credit must be given both to the two successive crews of living repair cells and to the gland in the neck that acts as superintendent.

Only one great mystery remains. Neither Professor Collip nor Dr. Harris nor anyone else has any idea whereabouts in the body these able bone repair cells keep themselves when there are no bones to fix. In healthy bodies with sound bones not a single such repair cell can be found. But let a bone be broken and in a few hours millions of the cells have mobilized for their job.

Perhaps there is some undiscovered storehouse of these cells somewhere in the body, but it is equally possible, many experts believe, that the cells are something else until need for their special abilities arrives. Perhaps they work at ordinary times in the lining of the living membrane which surrounds bones and which is what gets so sore when bones are bruised. Or perhaps they form the living cells of some of the millions of tiny canals which can be seen under the microscope here and there throughout the structure of any living bone.

Just so a railway may keep its skilled repair crew busy when there are no wrecks, working on car-barn jobs or in the machine shops or at some other ordinary task. Only when something goes wrong do these ordinary workmen put on their special overalls, get out the wreck train and tackle that special job. Perhaps the bone cells are likewise visible at all times, but not recognizable, since only when at their particular work do they take on that recognizable appearance.

In one particular, however, the bone repair cells differ from the human workmen repairing a fallen bridge. They give their lives to their job; they build the first emergency repair work, indeed, out of their own living bodies. To produce the concrete that first knits the two ends of bone fast once more to each other the living cells can not use wooden "forms," as human workers do for concrete that they pour. Instead the "forms" on this job are the bodies of the cells themselves.

If a tiny piece of the edges of a broken bone is removed by a harmless surgical operation a short time after the repair of the break has begun, the tissue between the edges of the bone may be seen under the microscope swarming with millions of the first repair gang. In looks, these are not unlike the white corpuscles of the blood, although there are many characters by which the skilled microscopist can distinguish them. In a remarkably short time they have constructed a bridge of cartilage across the gap; a bridge that may be considered the equivalent of the flimsy flying bridges which human repair crews sometimes throw across a river; not to carry the railway, even temporarily, but merely to serve as a convenient path for workmen and materials to be moved back or forth. Inside this temporary plug of cartilage are the living bodies of millions of the self-sacrificing repair cells. Then begins the first really solid stage of the repair. These cells slowly turn to lime. A limy cement is thus poured in and hardened in the break in the bone.

This makes an emergency repair over which, so to speak, the trains can run. That is, the bone is now strong enough for a very moderate amount of use. Its owner can stand on it gingerly if the break is in a leg, or can begin to move his arm carefully if that is where the accident happened.

But this lime-filled cement work is by no means strong enough for the full needs of an active man or woman. Too much strain on it would crack the bone again at that point, as many broken bones do crack when they are used severely too soon after a fracture has grown together. To make a real bone as strong as it was before the break occurred, nature needs the second gang of repair cells.

The first gang, those that fill in the emergency cement of lime, anatomists call "osteoblasts" or "bone growers." The second gang, coming along when the lime cement must be replaced by real bone, are called "osteoclasts" or "bone eaters."

The difference in names has a very real significance. One of the jobs that needs to be done by the second repair crew is to get rid of the emergency bridge of lime cement. That is just as important, in fact, as it is to build the new and harder bone. If the original lime were left and the new bone built around it, a great swelling would be created on the bone at the point of the break, like the bulges that plumbers sometimes leave on a welded water pipe. Were that Nature's rule, no young lady who had the misfortune to break a leg or an arm could hope ever to have again the smooth, symmetrical shaft supposed essential to bodily beauty. The living repair cells which are fixing the bone have precisely the same duty as the repair crew on a railway bridge. They must take away the emergency bridge bit by bit as they build the new one.

This removal of the temporary lime bridge is the duty, anatomists believe, of the second repair cells, the osteoclasts. Somehow, these cells possess the ability to gnaw away the deposited lime; returning it, it is believed, to circulation in the blood. As rapidly as this lime disappears its place is taken by new bone, now built into the threads and fibers and struts which give it so much more strength than the featureless lime cement.

But these osteoclast repair cells are careful never to eat away the emergency repair of lime too fast. Only as the new structure is built out into the gap to take the strain does the emergency cement disappear. This process takes time. That is why the complete hardening of a broken bone may take months or years, whereas the completion of the first glueing together with lime is accomplished within a few days or at most a few weeks.

There is another important side to all these bone fixing operations. This is the side of supply. Even the experienced bridge foreman on the railway, who could get the bridge up and trains running over it before the engineer had finished the "picture," needed the railway behind him to bring up quickly and in sufficient quantity the timbers and steel work and cement which his structure required.

And somewhere back at headquarters was the superintendent watching everything, issuing the orders, seeing to it that the necessary materials were taken out of storage in the warehouse and sent as rapidly as possible to the scene of the break. In the bodily repair of broken bones this duty of transportation is turned over to the blood and that of superintendence seems to be discharged by the tiny gland in the neck; the gland named the parathyroid because it is placed close to the larger and better-known gland called the thyroid.

There are really two of these tiny parathyroid glands, one on each side of the windpipe. So important does Nature evidently consider them that if nearly all of their substance is removed from any animal by a surgical operation the remaining part grows rapidly and restores the glands within a few weeks, a fact discovered a few months ago by two American physiologists, Dr. F. L. Gates and Dr. J. H. B. Grant.

But if every bit of the tissue of both parathyroid glands is removed surgically the unfortunate victim of that operation promptly dies. Sometimes the parathyroid glands are divided into several parts and more or less embedded in the substance of the larger thyroid glands near which they lie. Thus it has happened that surgical removal of the thyroid glands, an operation sometimes necessary for severe goiter, or for other diseases, resulted, before the importance of the parathyroid glands was known, in the accidental removal of these glands, also with serious results.

Just how these parathyroid glands operate to issue the orders for bone repair is still imperfectly known. Their function, Professor Collip and his followers believe, is probably not unlike that of the superintendent who gets the bridge materials out of the warehouse and sees to it that they are loaded on the work trains. The most important of these materials is lime, for the first repair crew of osteoblasts needs relatively large amounts of this chemical to make the first emergency repair. Even the second crew will need some additional lime to construct the fibers and girders which it is their job to build.

Professor Collip has proved to the satisfaction of the scientific professions that the activities of the parathyroid glands have an important role in controlling the amount of soluble lime compounds in the blood. It has been shown also that activity of these glands assists bone repair. Probably their action is not the only essential, for the vitamins produced by sunlight and present in cod liver oil and similar foods seems also to be necessary for prompt bone repairs, as it is well known to be for the proper growth and hardening of the bones of children.

And the gland "superintendent" would be powerless, one may be sure, without the millions of active workers at the point of the break. These living cells of both kinds know how in some way still not well understood, to take the needed lime out of the blood and to build it into the bones where necessary, or alternatively to dissolve lime cement no longer needed in the break and to replace this with slightly different chemicals built into strong, fibrous bone.

Concluding his recent review of bone repair and answering the aspersions of critics who had attempted to minimize the abilities of the bone-building cells, Dr. Harris says that until more light on the chemical operations of lime deposition in the body is provided by the chemists "we must continue to regard the osteoblast as a splendid being, endowed with genius, sensibility and intelligence, ever ready to perform the work at hand."

1—Three Inches of Bone Replaced With Platinum.

2—Elbow Practically Gone. Platinum Replacing.

3—Six Separate Wounds Took 8 Inches of Bone.

4—2 Wounds Took Arch and Part of Ankle. Platinum Substituted.

5—Top of Skull Torn by Shrapnel.

6—Two-Inch Bone Replaced by Platinum.

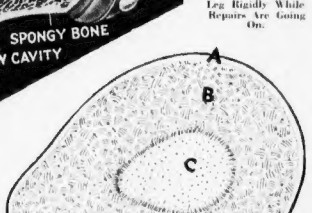
7—Elbow Joint Fortified With Platinum.

8—4 Wounds Took 3 Inches of Bone and Kneecap. Replaced With Platinum.

Nature Will Undertake Not Only One, but Many Jobs of Repairing Bones in Various Parts of the Body, and at the Same Time. This Diagram Shows the Shattered Bones of the Late Captain Nungesser, and How the Surgeons Assisted Nature by Putting in Platinum Plates Where Shells Had Crumpled Portions of the Bone So That Nature Did Not Have a Fair Chance to Make Satisfactory Repairs.

While Nature Is Able to Take Care of a Bone Fracture, If Given a Fair Chance, It Is Grateful for Assistance, and This Photograph Shows a Leg Support Which Is Useful and Hastens Nature's Processes by Holding the Leg Rigidly While Repairs Are Going On.

Sectional View of Human Bone, Showing How the Blood Vessels Reach In Through Channels in All Parts of the Bone Structure and the Marrow in the Interior of the Bone Which Makes It Possible for the Little Parathyroid Gland to Send the Little Osteoblast Repair Crews to Do Their Work Wherever Needed.



Cross Section Diagram of a Human Bone:
(A) The Hard Exterior Bone.
(B) The Spongy Part of the Bone.
(C) The Marrow Cavity.

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Shattered the Adventurous Girl's Queer Scheme for a Gunman's School

Miss Jackie Bayne, Whose Ambition to Direct an Organized "Mob" Was Shattered by the Denver Police When the Young Man Whom She Called a "Sissy" Squealed.

EDUCATION, in the United States, has been reduced to a fine science. There are schools for barbers, cooks, servants, mechanics, salesmen, police; an endless array of institutions of learning, some of them conducted by correspondence, to instruct people in various arts, trades and professions.

Miss Jackie Bayne, a young woman of Denver, Colorado, looking over the roster of such institutions, apparently decided there was one field which thus far had not been exploited properly. One of the most flourishing industries in the country, she knew, was crime. Thousands of young people went about committing major and minor crimes, felonies, larcenies and misdemeanors, and all this untaught, amateur, for the most part hopelessly without technique.

There was a crying need for a school for crime.

Miss Bayne, according to information which came to the police following a series of arrests, decided it was her destiny to start such an institution. Her qualifications to be dean of a school for crime were extremely vague and inadequate. There is no record that Miss Bayne ever held up a bank, committed an alley stick-up, or perpetrated any crime important enough to get on the front page of any newspaper, or to entitle her to be finger-printed and listed in the public records. Her equipment for the ambitious project was a vivid imagination, fed by a steady diet of lurid fiction and equally spicy motion pictures, and a reckless spirit. Beyond that she had no trammeling influences to keep her from going ahead.

She was a vigorous and courageous young woman, from all accounts. It was related of her, after her arrest, that when she disappeared of the showing by any of her young pupils, she administered a beating with her fists.

It was her idea, the police were informed, to recruit a band of youths—young men with more bravado than brains, as one police official phrased it—to instruct them in the art and psychology of handling a gun, and, when their schooling had progressed sufficiently, send them out to perpetrate "jobs."

Among the young men selected to be pupils of Jackie Bayne was Darrell Brumadge, eighteen. It was Darrell whose information wrecked the plans of Miss Bayne and brought her school of crime to a disastrous finish. Young Brumadge became an informer when Miss Bayne called him a sissy and certain other names and took his gun away.

Police found Jackie and the missing gun in a room in one of the second class hotels. With her were Wilhelmina Harrie, nineteen, who calls herself "Billie," and Clarence E. Swank, twenty-two.

The Bayne girl denied any such idea as that attributed to her by Brumadge, but Miss Harrie, experiencing her first intimate contact with jail bars, quickly shed her hard-boiled veneer and the things she told Chief Robert E. Reed convinced him that Brumadge's outline of Jackie's plans was something more than mere imagination.

"If you'll make her room right now you'll probably find three or four fellows," said Billie. "We were waiting for them to show up when the cops walked in on us."

Detectives went out, and returned anon with three shifty-eyed youths.

"They were all in Jackie's bed when we kicked in the room," the detectives reported, "and all of 'em were fully dressed, even to their shoes."

Miss Harrie identified them for the chief as Virgil Gonce, Joe Pigman and Oliver Chewell.

"I should have had better sense than to get mixed up with a gang like this," she declared. "but Jackie is a pretty convincing talker, and she can use her fists, too, if she has to. She knocked Joe Pigman flatter than a pancake when he got fresh at a dance one night and I haven't heard him putting out any lip around her since then.

"She told us we were a bunch of saps to work for a living when there was so much easy dough to be picked up."

And then, by way of convincing the chief that she rated better than her company, Billie confided that she was a graduate of South Denver High School and had been a member of the school debating team during her senior year.

"I've talked from the pulpits of several Denver churches, telling the Christian Endeavor girls about life's pitfalls, and then to think I'd get myself mixed up in a mess like this," she said.

The police spent some time trying to trace crimes to the youths arrested in Jackie's room. They were unable to discover any of import. As long as Miss Bayne had conducted her classes, there had been no graduates.

The police, while not deceiving themselves with the idea that they had tracked any band of desperate criminals, were none the less pleased to have been able to nip in the bud this alleged scheme for schooling violators.

"Such a vicious young people, their minds inflamed by bad books and pictures, need only to be left alone to develop into criminals of the worst type," remarked Chief Reed. "There is not a great deal of difference between these youngsters and some of the real criminals we have caught from time to time. The only thing they lacked, apparently, was opportunity, and this the Bayne girl seemed willing to offer them."

Efforts of the police to get statements from Swank and the other three youths found in Jackie's room were fruitless. Apparently they had been well enough schooled in the cardinal lesson of crime—never say anything to the police. As for Jackie, she took her arrest philosophically enough.

"I'm not a bandit queen," she said, "and I don't run any sort of a school for crime, either. I'm just a fool that gets drunk once in a while and cuts up. I ought to be shot for playing around with sissy kids like Brumadge and this Harrie girl."

Miss Wilhelmina (Billie) Harrie, the 19-Year-Old Companion of Miss Bayne, Who Informed on Her Companion When Arrested.

The Striking Monument Recently Unveiled in Honor of the Dead of Algiers. It Was Conceived and Executed by Paul Landowski.

Cliff Dwellers of the Sahara

ON the edge of the Sahara is a beautiful region known as Aures, practically unknown to the general tourists who pass it by to visit the storied desert. Aures is a vast quadrilateral section, bordering at the north on the huge Algerian plateau, where it is nearly 4,000 feet high, dropping brusquely on the south to a comparatively low level. It includes four gigantic mountain gorges, and between its extremes are two canyons, one of which is the canyon of the Abdi current, made striking by the curious Mema, a cone-like formation of stone rising from the center of a circular piece of ground surrounded by the waters. The second is the canyon of the Abiod current, which runs through the very heart of Aures.

The section is peopled by a race of cliff-dwellers, who, although they engage in comparatively civilized occupations and pastoral pursuits, are distinctly primitive in their modes of living. Several of their picturesque cliff dwellings are located at Baniane, near Biskra.

During the past few years some attempt has been made by commercial development companies to exploit some of this country in the North Sahara for industrial purposes, making use of the river torrents for water power. These attempts have met with little success, owing to the almost insurmountable ruggedness of the country. It is impossible to travel in this section by any means other than mule power.

The cliff-dwellers have their peculiar habitations near the mouth of the Abiod stream, at the portal to Aures. It is impossible at this point, because of the fury of the torrent, to climb the mountain. Travelers are forced to ascend from the other side of the mountain. The torrent dashes beneath the traveler, lashing up and breaking in cataracts of spray over the huge rocks that line the course. A couple of hours of climbing brings the tourist to the place of the cliff-dwellers. In addition to the houses of stone, there are granaries carved out of rock, in which the natives store dates for drying and preservation.

The rock habitations symbolize the whole history and character of the population. Owing to the formidable mass of mountains protecting them they have remained practically unaffected by world progress. In addition to raising dates, they herd goats and also go in for agriculture to some extent.

The stone houses, during times of trouble, are easily transformed into rather formidable fortresses. But there has been no need for such transformation for a long time. The people are busy and happy raising their dates and apricots and tending their herds. Clad in picturesque blue costumes, they may be seen working the fertile earth and passing in and out of the colored shadows of the foliage.

Some of the people of the section have been so remote from the outside world that they have never seen, or even heard, of such modern things as electric lights, telephones and radios. The people of Aures are born, live their lives and die without ever leaving the mountain fastnesses. For the most part, such things as books and newspapers are unknown among them. They are a hardy and healthy race, the men straight and vigorous, the women comely.

Picturesque Cave Dwelling at Baniane, Near Biskra, in the Northern Sahara.

Huge Memorial to City's Dead

RECENTLY in Algiers there was unveiled a great monument to the Algerian soldiers who died in the World War. The French possession contributed 3,102 to the millions who died or were injured in the struggle.

The monument, funds for which were raised by popular subscription, was executed by Paul Landowski. It is a powerful and impressive work, one of the largest ever made. It stands at the far end of the Boulevard La Ferriere, in the Square Guynemer, in the midst of trees and flowers.

Sculptured in enormous blocks of Mahon stone, sealed together, the monument faces the East looking out to sea, and dominates one of the most beautiful sections of Algiers. At the right of the monument is a soldier of the town, at the left an Algerian horse-soldier, and in the middle a winged Victory. All three figures are mounted on horses caparisoned in funerary drapes and holding at arm's length, stretched on a huge shield, one of the dead, whom they are raising toward the sky. On the back of the monument are carved the figures of workmen ready for the long labors of peace, and the figure of a woman weeping in the arms of a Red Cross nurse. Above the group holding the shield, carved scenes of the war were added by another sculptor, Charles Bigonet.

The whole effect is most imposing. The entrance of the Square Guynemer opens on the Avenue Pasteur. Steps and two semi-circular passages lead to the monument, and at each landing carved stone panels carry the names of those who died.

The valuable help given by the native population of Algiers to France during the World War led, as it did in other parts of the French colonial empire, to a wider recognition of the political rights of the natives. The monument is not the only way in which France has shown her gratitude. A law was passed in February, 1919, conferring French citizenship on any native of Algiers who had served either in the French army or navy, was a land owner, farmer or licensed trader, knew how to read and write French, or was the possessor of a French decoration. Native Mussulmans who did not receive French citizenship are represented in all the deliberative bodies by elected members, who all wile the same rights as those enjoyed by the French members of such assemblies. With some exceptions they are admitted to public service on the same footing as French citizens.

Later, the special Arab taxes, which were imposed by the native population alone, were done away with, and their place taken by income and property taxes.

The administration of Algeria is still in the hands of a governor-general residing at Algiers. The northern portion of the territory is administered under two systems, one civil and the other military. In the civil zone the administration is the same as that in force in France. Each department elects two deputies and one senator to the French Parliament, only citizens having the right to vote.

Early colonization of Algeria was rendered difficult by the presence of a native population which already had its own civilization, and was proud and warlike in its instincts. This warlike spirit, which was a cause of great trouble to the French colonizers, came in handy when Algerian troops were being enlisted for the war. The natives proved to be efficient and fearless soldiers, and were particularly good in the cavalry division. Algerian troops participated in most of the major battles of the war and were distinguished for valor and patriotism.

Almost Killed by Her Pet Snake

PARIS, Jan. 17.

FOR the most part, snake dancers have been content to use serpents largely for scenery. Within the past few seasons, however, a new school of snake-dancer has developed, in answer to Paris theatre-goers' hunger for thrills. Dancers actually dance with snakes.

One of the most beautiful dancers in France, the exotic Mlle. Floryane, decided to include a snake dance in her repertoire. She secured a large constrictor, and spent several weeks under the tuition of a professional snake-handler, getting sufficiently acquainted with the reptile to handle it. The snake became her pet.

Much to her surprise, the dancer found she could do this. In rehearsal of her number, she was able to go through her whirling steps with the snake about her. For the finale of the dance she planned to uncoil the snake from her person and fling it into the wings.

Special scenery had been built for the number. The stage was converted into a realistic jungle setting, with eerie green lights filtering through the trees. Mlle. Floryane, herself draped in a shimmering snake costume, slid onto the open space from behind a tree, and wound her way very much in the manner of a snake toward the center of the stage.

A moment later there was a gasp from the audience. A huge constrictor came from behind another tree. The two snakes—the real one and the human one—met on the stage. The real snake wound itself around the body of the human semblance of its kind. The dancer began a peculiar swaying dance. Monkeys chattered in the trees—or at any rate stage-hands made sounds like monkeys chattering in the trees. The orchestra went into a faster and faster tempo. The speed of the dance movements increased. Mlle. Floryane rose to her feet. Part of the snake was still wound around her body, the rest began to whirl like a whip-end as the dancer pirouetted furiously.

Then a scream burst from the lips of the dancer. The snake was constricting about her body. The audience thought it was part of the dance, and applauded wildly as the curtain, hauled down by the startled stage-hands, cut the dance from the view of the people. Those in front wondered why Mlle. Floryane wasn't taking several curtain calls after the tremendous ovation she got. Had they been able to see through the curtain, they would have witnessed the dancer gradually being crushed to death by the snake.

It happened that the snake-trainer was in the wings. This is the only thing that saved Mlle. Floryane's life. The stage hands and other actors and actresses about were helpless to do anything to help the dancer. To shoot the snake might mean the death of Mlle. Floryane. The snake-trainer leaped to the scene and began to struggle with the snake, striking at it, diverting its attention from her to him. Gradually the constriction of the huge reptile lessened, and the snake-trainer was able to haul the body of the dancer away.

Mlle. Floryane recovered. She still does a snake dance—but now she uses a property snake. It is as big as the real one, and in the eerie green lights it looks almost as real. But it lacks the power to crush her to death, a fate she barely averted.

Mlle. Floryane, the Exotic Dancer of Paris, Who Narrowly Escaped Death in the Coils of Her Pet Constrictor. She Now Uses an Artificial Snake in Her Dance.

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Still Believe in "Witches," "Spells" and "Evil Spirits"

The Recent Witch-Doctor Murder Trial in Pennsylvania Reveals the Wide-Spread Beliefs of the Dark Ages as Persisting To-Day Even in the World's Centers of Civilization

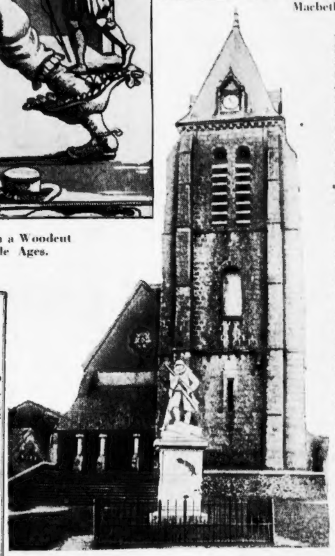
An African Witch-Doctor Beating His Drum to Exorcise the Evil Spirits of the Jungle.

A Toad Witch Applying Her Magic Arts. From a Woodcut Reproduction of a Drawing of the Middle Ages.

Macbeth Consulting the Witches.

The Jungle Hut of a Mama-loi, a Haitian Princess of Voodoo.

An Engraving for the Frontispiece of Matthew Hopkins' Book, "Discoverie of Witches." Published in London in 1647. Mr. Hopkins Was Highly Thought of at the Time as a Great Witch Hunter.



The Church in the Town of Bombon, France, Where the Rector, Abbe Desnoyers, Was Dragged Forth and Beaten Almost to Death by a Group of Women Fanatics Who Came From Bordeaux "To Drive the Devil From His Soul."

STUDENTS of history and readers of historical novels have often thrilled over the old accounts of witches tortured and executed—harmless, though perhaps eccentric, old men and women hunted to thei death by judges and leaders of society. The mere possession of a black cat sometimes involved a death sentence. Kindness to a toad might be an excuse for torture.

Educated persons have been shocked at the conduct of the Rev. Cotton Mather, the most cultivated, eloquent and distinguished New England divine of his day, pursuing over twenty alleged witches to their deaths in the great Salem witch persecution.

Most of the leaders in this blood hunt were Harvard graduates, the very flower of New England civilization.

Such things belong to the dark, cruel, superstitious past, people say. But do they? Every now and then some occurrence is reported in the newspapers, which shows that the belief in witchcraft in its most brutal and superstitious form lurks in the heart of the richest, most civilized and most educated communities.

Recently people have been reading the truly amazing details of the trial of Nelson Rehmeyer, of York, Pa., "a witch doctor," convicted of killing another "witch doctor" named John Blymyer, who was said to have put a curse or "hex," as it is called in Pennsylvania, on the Hess family. Some of the Hess family had engaged the prisoner to dispel the spell of his rival practitioner.

The most benighted beliefs in witchcraft and black magic were revealed in the Pennsylvania case. The prisoner testified that he had to secure a lock of the rival witch's hair and bury it eight feet under ground in order to dispel the curse. This was a manifestation of fetichism, the belief that a person's life can be attacked through some article closely connected with him.

What is most impressive in the York case is that one finds a belief in witchcraft, as degrading as anything that existed in medieval times, flourishing within three hours of New York, in a respectable farming community.

The explanation is that the belief in witchcraft has been impressed on the human mind since the dawn of civilization. The pious New England witch hunters based their cruelties on the line in the Bible: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." (Exodus, chapter 22, verse 18.) Many other ancient witch persecutors in Europe as well as in America took their stand on the same sacred admonition. Babylon and ancient Egypt were devout believers in witchcraft.

Shakespeare represents Macbeth learning his future fate from the witches, as surely as Saul, in the Bible, had learnt his from "the Witch of Endor."

The belief in witchcraft was impressed on the human mind long before the teachings of modern science, and so it is constantly coming to the surface from the depths of inherited tendencies. It is now clear that witchcraft and the fear of witchcraft find believers not only among the savages of Central Africa and the South Sea islands, but in France, England, Germany and even in the eastern United States.

Dr. Cotton Mather, who led the New England witch persecution, the most famous outbreak of its kind in America, was a fellow of Harvard College, while his father, Dr. Increase Mather, was president of that renowned institution. Cotton Mather has written his own record of the persecution, showing complete belief in sorcery, magic and witchcraft.

The crusade was inaugurated by the execution of a Roman Catholic, an Irishman named Glover, who was accused of having bewitched the daughters of a mason of Boston named Goodwin. Dr. Mather states that when bewitched the girls could read bad books with pleasure, but a copy of the Bible threw them into convulsions.

Two poor Indians, accused of having attempted to cure two witch victims, daughters of a minister, were put to death.

John Louder testified to Dr. Mather that Bridget Bishop, a witch, changed herself into a monster with a body like a monkey, feet like a rooster and face like a woman and jumped in at his window. She was executed.

A minister, George Burroughs, was put to death because he denied to Dr. Mather the very existence of witchcraft. Giles Cory was "pressed to death" for refusing to plead to being a witch. In the course of this torture, it is related, when the tongue of the victim was forced from his mouth in the agony of pain, the presiding sheriff forced it back with his cane with great deliberation.

Just before the New England outbreak, English ministers and magistrates, conspicuous among whom was the learned Matthew Hopkins, had burned over 200 alleged witches.

But plenty of facts show that the belief in witchcraft is prevalent in the up-to-date civilized world. The police of Camden, N. J., an important suburb of Philadelphia, recently raided the premises of Dr. E. H. Hyghcock, a prosperous citizen of the town, and found a Voodoo temple with much terrifying paraphernalia. Although Dr. Hyghcock was colored, very many of his clients were white. They paid handsomely to have spells cast on their enemies.

Deep below his house the detectives found a tortuous maze of subterranean passages, leading to the Voodoo sacrificial temple, with its baptismal font and wheel of fate. Careful search in the pitch black, clammy caves revealed the bones of four human beings. In one tunnel was the body of a two-months-old white child.

Five hundred letters, many of them from white people, were found from clients wishing the doctor to help them with spells and magic.

Dr. Hyghcock was known as a "papa-loi" or high priest of Voodooism. A female priestess is called a "mama-loi." He had dug out thirty-five rooms below his house for the main temple and other rooms connected with his cult, and all connected by underground passages.

In the main temple was a reading desk and beside it a baptismal font, where baptisms are said to have been performed in blood. Next to the temple was a room containing a pit, where the bodies of victims sacrificed in the rites of the temple were thrown.

On every hand were devices intended to terrify the believers in Voodooism. A white woman who had applied to the doctor for a spell to put on another woman who had stolen her husband's love, described her experiences when she ventured into the dark underground labyrinth where he performed his alleged miracles.

"I found myself peering into another black cavern," she said, "and out of the inky darkness a huge raven flapped its wings and glared with flashing eyes. At that moment a great black cat leaped out of the darkness and ran spitting and scratching toward me, while at the same instant a great cart wheel began to roll forward until it struck me. As I stumbled along, I heard groans issuing from the ground beneath me."

France is regarded as the most enlightened, philosophical and skeptical country in Europe, and yet the existence of widespread sects believing in witchcraft, sorcery and black magic has recently been proved there.

The other day the Abbe Desnoyers, the venerable and highly respected parish priest of Bombon, a village forty miles from Paris, was found bound with ropes and beaten unconscious in the sacristry of his church.

He had been surprised and attacked by a dozen strange women, who threw red pepper in his eyes, bound him and whipped him three hundred times.

After prolonged investigation it was found that the outrage had been committed by a sect of mystics known as flagellants. They were led by a woman named Marie Mesmin, who had discovered miraculously a plaster statue of the Virgin that wept when she prayed to it. Marie Mesmin gathered a thousand believers, mostly women, coming from the large city of Bordeaux, who worshipped the image under her direction. Their proceedings were a travesty of religion.

Whenever one of the believers suffered from any serious trouble, the high priestess pointed to some person who she asserted had cast a spell on her. The flagellants then proceeded to whip the witchcraft out of the unfortunate person. The innocent priest happened to have gained the ill will of Marie Mesmin and was selected as a victim by her. The flagellants went "to drive the devil out of his soul," they said. Other persons had suffered in a similar manner and with no more reason.

The staid old city of Charlotte, N. C., has a magician, Prof. J. H. Branderwine, who was sent to jail for selling magic love potions, guaranteed to win the affections of any person to whom they were administered. Many husbands and wives, desiring to win back the love of their wandering partners or to acquire new ones, had purchased his spells. The Rev. J. H. Moore, a minister, had given a potion to his wife, who seemed to have lost her love for him, and it nearly killed her. Mrs. L. M. Lockomy gave one to her husband and lost him entirely, as he died soon afterwards. Professor Branderwine frankly described himself on his cards as "a general specialist in the occult."

It is well known that the island of Haiti, now controlled by United States forces, is honeycombed with the ancient African superstition of Voodooism, "the worship of the serpent," which is based on a complicated system of witchcraft and human sacrifice. At a recent session of the United States Naval Board of Inquiry, held at Port-au-Prince, on the island, it was testified that three members of the corps had been murdered and eaten by native Voodooists.

The three marines—Sergt. Lawrence Muth, of Los Banos, Cal.; Aviator Clarence E. Morris, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Henry Lawrence, of Mound Valley, Kan., were killed at different times and in widely separated places in Haiti.

Worshippers of Voodoo believe that in devouring a human sacrifice they take in something of the power of the god which has accepted that sacrifice. With this portion of the divinity they also acquire, they believe, certain desirable qualities of the victims themselves. When children are eaten, they absorb with each mouthful the spirit of youth that was in the child, thus adding years to their lives.

Particularly prized is a white sacrifice, because they recognize the dominant qualities of the white man.

Sergeant Muth had been badly wounded and left behind as dead. A Haiti prisoner named Benoit afterwards testified that they found there was life in Muth. They killed him and rubbed their gun sights with parts of his head to insure accuracy of aim.

"Then," said Benoit, "the white man's heart and liver were taken out of him and cooked and passed around."

When the Haitians saw Aviator Morris flying they attributed his performance to magic skill possessed by him. They caught him by surprise when he was resting, and afterwards devoured him at a Voodoo place in the jungle. They believed this would give them power to fly.

Many of the Haitians belong to a sect of practitioners of witchcraft called the "cult of the dead." W. B. Seabrooke in "The Magic Island," his remarkable recent book on Haiti, says:

"It is not my intention to gloss over the fact that actual human sacrifice is also an occasional integral part of the Voodoo ritual in Haiti. Such sacrifices, however, are rare and performed only under stress of seeming dire necessity.

"Cadeus Bellegarde, whose doings were investigated in 1920, was a papa-loi turned criminal, a pathological monster comparable religiously to Gilles de Rais. The case was investigated at a U. S. Marine Corps provost court hearing at Mirebalais.

"In the course of the hearing, twenty-seven peasants testified that at various times between 1916 and 1918 they had been present at human sacrifices made by Cadeus Bellegarde in which the blood of the victims was drunk and their flesh eaten."

While the ceremonies are more picturesque in Haiti, it seems that the essential belief in witchcraft is equally strong in more highly civilized parts of the world.

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The New Evening Gowns

Authorative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, the Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

This Gown, Made by Madame Wormser, of Cheruit's, Has a Typical Cheruit Silhouette, Very Slim as to the Bodice, and Very Flaring as to Skirt. The Large Bow Set at the Back, With Its Two Long Ends Making a Train, Breaks the Line of the Skirt in an Interesting Way. This Gown Is Worn by the Comtesse de la Rochefoucault, Who Is Well Known to the Parisian Stage as Alice Cocea.

(On the Left). A Model by Martial et Armand. Its Color Is a Pale Pink, One of the Most Important of Evening Colors, and the Material Is Georgette. The Embroidery Is Done in Rhinestones, Some Large, and Some Small, in a Wave-Like Design. The Wide Extra Hem Is of Matching Rose Tulle. The Gown Gives the Effect of a Princess Line, as It Is in One Piece, Slight Folds Being Taken at the Front of the Waist, to Relieve the Slim Line. Shaded Roses of Chiffon Are Worn on One Shoulder.

For the Woman Who Loves Robe de Style and Wears It Well Lavin Has Made This Evening Gown, Reminiscent of the Winterhalter Portrait of the Empress Eugenie. The Material Is White Taffeta, a Creamy Shade, Not a Blue White. Fine Black Chantilly Is Used for the Two Skirt Ruffles, and for the Pellerine Collar, Like a Bertha of the Time. The Lace Has a Pointed Edge Which Gives Added Lightness to the Ruffles. Each One Is Set On With a Rich Red Velvet Ribbon, Which Also Makes the Two Important Bows, One at the Waist and One On the Skirt. Instead of Being Deeply Decollete, as Were the Gowns of the Second Empire, This Neckline Is Filled in With Flesh-Colored Chiffon. Red Flowers Are Worn Over One Ear, and a Fan Is Carried.

This Gown, From Jean Magnin, a Designer of Great Originality, Is Entirely in Long Silk Strands of Pale Rose, Over a Foundation of Rose Satin. The Fringes Are Held at the Top With Bias Fold of the Satin, and Three Narrow Satin Folds Confine Them at the Top of the Hip. On the Shoulder Is a Group of Flowers of Chiffon in Shades of Red and Pink.

PARIS, Jan. 17.

IF daytime dress of the present day is open to the reproach of being too uniform, evening dress saves us from this charge by being more varied than ever. One of the most striking features of modern fashions is their habit of being all things to all women; giving an opportunity for that individual dressing of one's type, which all authorities agree to be a primary requisite. The Frenchwoman, and the woman of other nationality who has made France her second home, is acknowledged to be an expert in this clever ability to dress to suit her own personality. No matter how uniform the mode, she contrives to give it an individual twist which is hers, and hers alone.

This ability is strikingly illustrated in the different versions of the cropped head which any gathering of smart women presents to observation. One could not have imagined, when the fashion of short hair first became a general one, that so many different things could be done with it. Yet, in an assembly of well-dressed, well-groomed women, one will find hardly two heads on which the hair is arranged in exactly the same way. This is another proof of the statement that women are really individualists; for men, who have worn their hair short for more than a hundred years, have discovered, in all that time, only a few distinct fashions of arranging it.

At the present moment, a thoroughly well dressed woman is pre-eminently one whose appearance, down to the least detail, offers a harmonious ensemble. The diversified evening mode gives her a splendid opportunity to carry this precept into practice, and one of which she is not slow to take advantage. Even as short a time ago, reckoning in terms of costume history, as the outbreak of the World War, we had an evening mode which followed one definite line. If one waistline were raised above the so-called "natural" place, all waistlines followed suit. If one pair of sleeves were cut "kimono," all were cut on the same principle. But all that is changed now.

Glance at the gowns illustrated on this page, all of which are worn, at the moment, by prominent personalities in the French capital. There is a robe de style which would not have felt out of place at one of the famous house parties at the Chateau of Compiegne under the Second Empire. There is a clinging, slender gown made entirely of white silk fringe. Next to it is a flaring frock of golden tissue, short, but giving a striking contrast in headlines by the addition of two long trailing panels in the back.

And to complete this group, there is a scintillating gown of strass in wavy lines on fragile pink chiffon, with an added long transparent band of pale pink tulle. Four distinct styles, and yet every one of them bearing the authentic seal of 1929. Contrast this variety with any costume book of the last century, and you will find an infinite number of slight variations current at one time, all based on one general theme; a difference of small detail, often only of trimming, but a uniformity of line that strikes a modern eye as extremely monotonous. Yet they say that the present day mode is too uniform.

Take the detail of skirt lengths alone. Any present day ballroom will show us skirts of all lengths, from just below the knee, to those that almost reach the feet all the way round. More than this; we find many skirts that are at the same time up to the knee in one place, and trailing on the floor in another. Here is variety indeed.

It is the same thing with decolletes. During the Second Empire, for example, all evening dresses were cut off the shoulders as a matter of course. But nowadays one sees gowns that are high in the front, right up to the collarbones, and cut in a deep "U" in the back; gowns that are low both back and front; and gowns that are high in the back and low in the front.

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Science Discovers How to Make Birds and Animals Grow Bigger

A Mysterious Substance Is Found in Eggs Which Hurries Up Bone and Tissue Building, but It Is Not Safe to Feed It to Babies Until More Experiments Are Made to See What Bad Effects May Result

In Jonathan Swift's Masterpiece, "Gulliver's Travels," His Hero First Visited the Little Lilliputians and Then Found Himself in the Land of Brobdingnag, Where Gulliver Attracted the Interest of His Kindly Hosts Who Were Able to Hold Him in the Palm of a Hand or Stow Him Away in a Pocket of a Coat.

The Big Baby, on the Whole, Gets a More Favorable Start in Life Than the Average or Undersized Infant, Although Science Cannot Predict Whether a Human Infant Forced With "Grow Stuff" Might Not Develop Serious Physical Difficulties.

H. G. Wells, the Novelist, in His "Food of the Gods," Forecasts the Recent Discoveries of Science and Predicted the Future Mother Wheeling a Baby Carriage With a Giant Infant.

The Little White Mouse Is an Even-Tempered Creature and Accepts the Demonstration of Experimental Medicines Given With a Hypodermic Syringe.

PROBABLY few things worry a mother more than to have an undersized baby. Nor would anything please her more than to be able to buy something at the drug store that would quickly make the youngster as big and healthy as the doctor said he ought to be.

Science has just discovered a mysterious substance called "grow stuff" which it has no doubt would very soon make a puny infant normal in weight and turn a normal one into a little giant.

Comparative Diagram Illustrating the Natural Growth of a Frog: One Which Had Received the "Grow Stuff" from Two Frog's Eggs and One Which Had the Advantage of the Stimulation of Three Eggs.

The mind of man has turned to this possibility of growing giants in the animal world and increasing man's own height and bulk. Fiction writers have entertained themselves with the topic, and Gulliver's travels among the little Lilliputians and the huge Brobdingnagians, is a classic. H. G. Wells, in one of his less popular books, "The Food of the Gods," has also dealt with this subject. And now Science itself, after many years of research, has at last accomplished some of the things suggested by the novelists.

Though nothing could be more desirable than bigger and better babies, Science has no intention of turning its discovery over to the mothers of the land until a lot more experiments have been made with all sorts of animal babies from rats to anthropoid apes. The scientists are tinkering with something very close to the mainspring of life and many possibilities loom that might be far from desirable.

For instance, the "grow stuff" has its most noticeable effect on the skeleton, making the baby's bones grow vigorously. As the skeleton sets the pace for the softer tissues these have to hurry up to keep the bones from growing out of the flesh. The question at once arose whether all this energy might be at the expense of the brain. Nobody would want a handsome, healthy, oversized dunce in the family, but fears on this score have already been set aside. St. Bernard puppies fed with "grow stuff" are not only bigger and have better hair than the rest of the litter but more intelligence and are not languid, like overgrown children.

However, even that point is not entirely settled. Doctors no longer approve of precocious children. The infant prodigy usually turns out to be an adult failure. As the new chemicals evidently stimulate growth in all cells of the body, what may the ultimate effect be on them? The forces that stop growth are as important to health as those that cause it. Cancer seems to be a running wild of the growth instinct in some cells. As cancer is a disease of later life, it will take much work to learn if growth stimulation in the infancy of animals increases tendency to cancer in middle age.

Another questionable result will be the production of a larger race of human beings than ever walked the earth before. It is hard to see any advantage in breeding larger human stock. The jobs for brawn are getting scarcer every year and the ones which a small man or a woman can perform with the aid of machinery, as well as could a Hercules, are multiplying.

Since most women yearn to be taller, as shown by their high heels, it may turn into a compromise, by feeding the "grow stuff" only to girl babies. This may be expected to have two results which the average person might not foresee. One would be unquestionably beneficial and the other at least questionable.

Scientists have long pointed out that the intellectual growth of humanity is retarded and perhaps has come to its end because physiological reasons prevent babies from being born with any larger heads than at present, thus limiting the size of the human brain. But larger-framed mothers could have larger-headed babies.

Another thing only recently noted is that men with the so-called "fighting heart," such as John L. Sullivan and Terry McGovern, come of families where the mother is larger than the father. If the mothers of a nation should be increased in size, the next generation should contain a lot of fine fighting men who could be depended on to defend their country's soil but also they might have an itch to walk over and start something on their neighbor's soil.

Science has not found out yet the mechanics of the thing. It is not quite certain whether the new substance works directly on the bones and tissues or through the endocrine glands. Such an effect might be achieved by stimulation of parts of the pituitary body, at the base of the brain. That already happens once in a while for unknown reasons, causing giants. These giants are neither long-lived nor noted for their intelligence. If such is the case the "grow stuff" would hardly be a blessing, but the evidence so far is that it does not work that way. The animals on which it has been tried are as bright as they are big.

Science may be just about to give the race its greatest contribution.

The "grow stuff" is to be found in all kinds of eggs, even seeds, the vegetable eggs laid by trees and other plants. The acorn would remain inertly in the ground until it rotted if it were not loaded with "grow stuff," which gives it the ambition to grow into a lordly oak. That same substance in an insect's egg makes it grow into the worm which destroys the oak.

For a long time dog breeders knew that there was something in the yolks of ordinary hen's eggs which would cause puppies to reach unusual size and, at the same time, improve their coats. This was employed mostly with St. Bernards, where bulk counts in value more than it does in most breeds. It was an expensive diet even though the canine race is not too fussy about having its eggs strictly fresh.

Dr. Danilewsky, a scientist of Paris, took the mystery into his laboratory and finally succeeded in the delicate task of separating the growth-accelerating substance from the rest of the yolk. He was able to identify it in cereals, and wherever he looked among the embryos of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Presumably it lurks even in the spores of disease microbes.

While other scientists are testing the results, good and bad, of the isolated substance on various baby animals, Dr. Danilewsky is at work analyzing the chemical composition of the stuff so that it can be made synthetically. Thus far, about all he has learned is that it is a phosphorus compound. His task must be achieved before humanity can reap any wholesale benefit from the discovery.

A newborn baby cannot be fed much yolk of eggs even if mixed with bottle milk and even a six-year-old child would soon become bilious on enough yolks to give it the full dosage. Under the present process of separating from eggs, the "grow stuff" would be too costly for any but the babies of the rich, which are just the ones which need it least.

One of the bright hopes that may be realized from the "grow stuff" is the reduction of crime. Professional criminals are usually undersized specimens. The typical gunman is rather a physical weakling who would never dare fight with the average man unless he had the advantage of a weapon. He is not strong enough for a laborer's job nor intelligent enough for a "white collar" one. These criminals usually come from the slums. It has been shown, however, that it is not the slums themselves that cause them but the kind of families which inhabit such places and who make slums of any neighborhood they invade.

Such people have large families, regardless of whether they can rear them decently or not. The natural result of this selfishness is an army of undernourished, or rather, badly nourished children who grow into citizens fit only for crime. If "grow stuff" can be manufactured cheaply and added to their diet it may cause such surplus babies to develop into strong enough adults to earn a living without a gun.

Most everyone has observed the splendid physique of negro stevedores and porters. The present-day descendents of the African tribes from which their slave ancestors were taken are equally well-built men and women, but in that same continent live Bushmen, Hottentots and other dwarf races which are amongst the poorest human types in the world.

A curious fact noted by the early explorers is that the newborn baby of the pygmy is just about as heavy and promising-looking as that of the six-foot Kaffir, or even of the Patagonian Indian, considered the most perfect human animal in the world. Up to the age of five or six, all these children grow physically and mentally at about the same rate. Then the pygmy's child abruptly starts to slow up. Science suspects that on a diet of "grow stuff" he would keep right on with the others.

When the "grow stuff" has been isolated and can be turned out in factories by the train load, it would seem a fine idea for the farmer to mix it with his fertilizer. As plants use it just as much as animals, this should cause his crops to burst out of the ground with such vigor that he could almost see them grow. Before that hopeful scheme is encouraged, the Department of Agriculture will first want to try a few experiments and see what else is going to happen when an acre of wheat, potatoes or cotton is dosed with the stuff.

How is the farmer going to prevent his enemies, the insects, from helping themselves to the new substance? He may find, to his sorrow, that he has also raised a crop of bigger and better potato bugs, boll weevils and corn borers. If the rain drains the stuff off to the swamps, there may arise bigger and better mosquitoes, to say nothing of flies, fleas, bed bugs and weeds, all of which are sufficiently big and vigorous for their jobs right now. Soaking down into the soil, it may prompt the seventeen-year locust to break out every year.

There is "grow stuff" in every living food, especially its milk, or it would not grow at all, but many foods are evidently not rich enough in the substance.

At a recent exhibition in Washington, the Carnegie Institute showed a series of mouse babies, alive, in illuminated glassed wall-panels. In the first panel-box was a tiny naked mouseling born that same morning; in the second a mouse one day old; in the third a mouse two days old, and so on up to fourteen days.

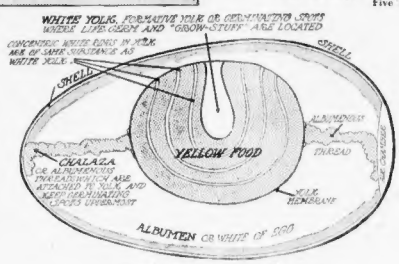
Along side of the last box was another glass-fronted box containing a mouse twice the size of the oldest of the above-mentioned series. Yet, it was of exactly the same age, fourteen days.

Why? Because it had been supplied with unlimited milk, whereas the other fourteen-day mouse got from its mother only a normal supply.

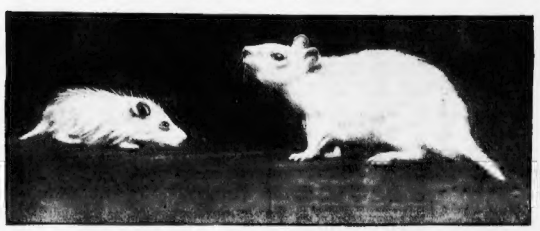
Dr. Koch, of the University of Chicago, has made use of the "grow stuff" in a series of experiments on guineapigs and rats, which for each trial were of the same litter, and were reared on the same diet of corn, carrots, and cabbage. Weighed every two days, it was found that the animals dosed with the mysterious substance grew 60 per cent faster than the others.

Government chemists in Washington, taking up one end of this curious problem, have tried to find out just how the phosphorus of the "grow stuff" in egg yolks is utilized by baby chickens. By analyzing a fresh-laid egg and also a newly-hatched chick, they have ascertained that the phosphorus, during the period of the chick's development in the shell, is contributed to the formation of the bones of the chick. But the "grow stuff" is not merely phosphorus. That is only one of the elements of a compound whose efficiency in accelerating growth is as yet wholly a mystery.

It is thought that the stuff so acts as to cause the blood to deposit more rapidly the materials that build the bones and other tissues of the body. All the materials that go to make growth are originally in solution in the blood. If, while growth is still going on, their deposition can be accelerated, the animal will grow faster. There seems to be good reason for supposing that the same treatment would have like effect upon human infants.



Cross-Section Diagram of an Egg.



Rats of the Same Age (Twelve Weeks). The Smaller Was Fed With Its Natural Diet, but the Larger Was Given a Special Diet Which Increased Its Weight to Five Times as Much as Its Brother Rat.

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To Make Monte Carlo Gayer and Wickeder

Becomes So Antiquated and Dull That Patrons Desert It for More Cheerful Places, and the Prince of Monaco's Subjects, Feeling the Pinch of Poverty, Threaten Revolt Unless Something Is Done to Make It More Alluring to Pleasure-Seekers

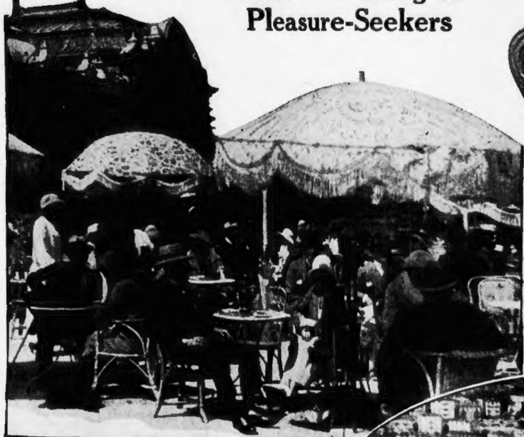


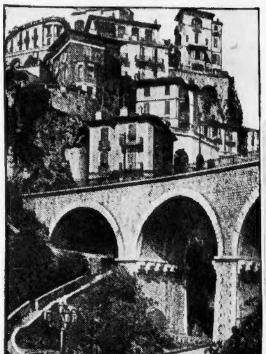
Photo Ewing Galloway (c) Burton Holmes

Wide World Photos

A Cheerful Party in One of the Open Air Cafes at Deauville, France.
—And—
On the Extreme Left, the Antiquated and Gloomy Open-Air Cafe Just Outside the Gambling Casino at Monte Carlo.

Photo Int'l.

The Bathing Beach at Monte Carlo Which the Town's Sewage Makes Not Only Unpopular But Dangerous.



"Suicides' Bridge" at Monte Carlo, an Object of Much Interest to Tourists, But Nothing to Add to the Cheerfulness of the Resort, and Which Is to Be Reconstructed Into a "Lovers' Bridge."

Wide World Photo

Carefree Bathers On the Beach at Cannes, Which Has Robbed Monte Carlo of Many Patrons.

PARIS, Jan. 18.

THE revolution recently attempted by the legislators and citizens of Monaco is undoubtedly the strangest and funniest ever heard of.

Monaco is, of course, the toy principality of which Monte Carlo, the world's most famous gambling resort, is the capital. Monaco has 23,418 permanent inhabitants, of whom 10,827 live in Monte Carlo.

Most Americans very properly think of Monte Carlo as a place that brings ruin to many persons and families and spreads shame and misery over a large part of the world. A good many Americans go there for a gambling spree, but few of them probably would defend the place seriously.

But the revolt of the Monaco citizens had not a word to say against the iniquities practised at Monte Carlo. Their complaints practically amount to saying that the place is not making all the money it should, because it is not wicked enough.

In support of this outspoken stand the National Council of Monaco, consisting of twenty-one members, resigned their duties and went on strike.

They complained to the Prince that the entire control of the principality was left in the hands of the gambling concession, which had no interest in anything but gambling and entirely neglected to develop the many attractions of the beautiful principality. Through this policy thousands of visitors stayed away who would be attracted by a better all around supply of dissipations and the inhabitants of the principality suffered greatly in consequence.

The policy of not doing anything for anybody but gamblers is not benefiting even the Casino stockholders, the patriotic inhabitants say. The profits have been falling off spasmodically since the war. They are stated to have been 154,000,000 francs, or about $6,160,000 in 1927, which was 7,000,000 francs, or $280,000 less than in 1926.

The explanation is that Monte Carlo no longer attracts the very rich who are lured by the up-to-date, artistic wickedness of such places as the Lido, Cannes, Deauville and San Remo and even by exotic far-away Tangier in Africa.

Monte Carlo, it is complained, has become far too dull and respectable.

If the fall in receipts continues, Monte Carlo will be ruined irrevocably,and then the Casino directors will regret too late that they did not provide more up-to-date and alluring wickedness, say the patriotic but unblushing reformers.

They seem to think the world will be shocked at the idea of Monte Carlo being bankrupt.

For instance there is the question of the display of female beauty, which is of prime importance to every continental resort. It is well known that the girls who fill the cafes and beaches at Deauville, Cannes and other noted French resorts, make up the chief charm of those places. They may not wear much, but what they do wear is very gay and cheerful and in the latest fashion.

And what has Monte Carlo to show? There is an ancient legend that it is frequented by very beautiful and dangerous sirens, who lure men to the gambling tables and ruin them in various ways. But the revolutionists say that most of these sirens are old and passee, not wanted in France, and bring neither money nor credit to the principality.

There is in fact no satisfactory place where the girls can display themselves and their costumes at Monte Carlo. Brilliant cafes where people can meet one another and gossip, music halls with promenades and cosy corners for social intercourse, walks by the seafront are needed. The most conspicuous cafe at Monte Carlo, the Cafe de Paris, just in front of the Casino is sixty years old and inadequate, as gloomy as an old-fashioned undertaker's parlor.

And, speaking of undertaking, one thing the revolutionists demand is the reconstruction of the famous "Suicides' Bridge," from which so many unhappy losers at the Casino's tables have cast themselves. They suggest protecting it with a high fence, planting it with flowers and christening it "the Lovers' Bridge."

Monte Carlo's public gathering places are not "chic." They must be made so, and the right kind of girls must be induced to grace them.

Monte Carlo has no public promenades comparable to the Croisette at Cannes and the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. The reformers would like to see the methods employed by the late M. Cornuche at Deauville and Cannes with such brilliant results put in operation at Monte Carlo. M. Cornuche let it be known that any girl who came up to his standard of beauty could have all the entertainment she wished without cost.

The cafe called the Potiniere at Deauville has proved a gold mine, because it has become the fashion for everybody to be seen there in the morning and afternoon. All the beauties of the Paris stage feel that they must be seen there at least once a day during the Grand Prix week, or they will lose their prestige. More damage has been done to hearts and pocketbooks at the Potiniere than at all the other resorts in Europe put together.

Monte Carlo has nothing like that, because the gambling concession controls everything and will not permit such an attraction.

An up-to-date concert hall with the newest and most original talent from all lands, is badly needed, say the advocates of a gayer and brighter Monte Carlo. It should have a large and commodious promenade, where people could stroll about and drink and make one another's acquaintance. In fact several places of that kind could be supported.

Monte Carlo has an opera house sixty years old, like nearly everything else at the place, and the operas produced there are said to be neither grand nor comic.

Bathing is of course a great feature of the resorts on the Mediterranean. All who have viewed the sands of Cannes and Nice in the season have been struck, perhaps overcome, by the exhibition of beauty there. Few people care to bathe at Monte Carlo, because the bath houses are antiquated and the beach untidy. There was until recently a sewer outlet on the beach, presumably placed there by the Casino, to keep people at the tables, and although that has been shifted a little its influence still pervades the place.

Monte Carlo, it is charged, fails to provide the hotel accommodation offered by other resorts like Cannes, Nice and Biarritz. The choicest hotel site at Monte Carlo is occupied by the Hotel de Paris, on land belonging to the gambling concession and connected directly with it. Although it has recently received a sand-blast, been renovated and christened the Nouvel Hotel de Paris, it remains substantially the same old building it was sixty years ago.

Some excellent tennis courts were recently constructed at Monte Carlo and have attracted many visitors and star performers such as Suzanne Lenglen and the Duke of Westminster. The revolutionists admit their excellence, but say that a group of tennis courts does not make a Winter resort in these competitive days.

There was a very fine golf course on the hill called Mont Agel, but the French Army has taken that because it commands a view of the Island of Corsica and is very important from the strategic point of view.

The gambling concern, it is charged, wants to make the visitor feel that there is nothing to do but gamble at Monte Carlo. If he goes out of the Casino after midnight thinking he would like a stroll in the pleasant air, he finds the streets unlighted.

It is unsafe to wander far, as the police of the whole municipality number only eighty-two and are underpaid by the gambling concession.

Monte Carlo has been called the safest place in the world in which to commit a murder or any other crime, because the authorities suppress all news of crimes, fearing that it will react on their institution. This it is charged is the result of leaving the upkeep of the police in the hands of the gambling concern.

When the people of Monaco are taxed they are regarded as French subjects, but the owners of the Casino, although French, escape French taxation on the ground that they are a foreign corporation. Everywhere you turn in Monte Carlo, they say, there is this peculiar rule that works one way for the Casino and the other way for the natives.

The lack of life, amusements and beauty at Monte Carlo is a very serious thing in these days of competitive gayety. The South of France is quite full of resorts, all within a few miles of Monte Carlo, which offer the public not only gambling casinos but many other attractions as well—concert halls where colored American artists can be heard, dancing rooms with glass floors and other novel features, plenty of pretty girls, clean sandy beaches and fine open air cafes.

Nice, which is in sight of Monte Carlo, has a new model casino built by Frank Gould, which is ready to start business as soon as it receives its gambling license from the French Government. It is spotlessly clean, cheerful, fitted with up-to-date American plumbing and in every way quite the opposite of the gloomy sixty-year-old Monte Carlo affair.

Cannes, which is about ten miles from Monte Carlo, was made over into a first-class gambling resort by Cornuche, the wizard of the green table. It has splendid new hotels and the inhabitants are coining money.

Three miles from Monte Carlo in another direction, at San Remo, just across the Italian frontier, the great Mussolini has ordered the creation of a splendid new casino which is to keep Italian gamblers on Italian soil and attract foreigners as well.

If all these new and up-to-date gambling resorts are flourishing within a few miles of Monte Carlo, the innocent stranger may wish to know why that place can do any business at all. The answer is that it is the only place on civilized territory where roulette is permitted to the general public. The average man out for a little gambling hankers after the roulette wheel with its merry whirl and rattling ball.

The French Government will not allow roulette at public casinos in France. The games played there give the players at least as good a chance of losing his money. At the game of "petits chevaux" (little horses), as played in France, the percentage in favor of the house is three times as high as at roulette at Monte Carlo.

But the French Government will not allow roulette, because the wheel makes a peculiar noise which comes through the windows of the Casino and may be heard by the innocent peasantry and honest working people outside. The Government is not likely to rescind the old rule, and so Monte Carlo retains some of its former favor.

The revolting legislators and officials of Monaco demanded of the Prince that the rights of the inhabitants and the gambling concession should be more strictly defined and that the inhabitants should be free to develop the possibilities of the national domain. As it is they assert the Prince, who receives $400,000 a year from the gambling concession, stops all enterprises not favored by that institution. The director of the Casino, Rene Leon, is a Frenchman, and so are all his assistants.

Prince Louis of Monaco, from the Chateau de Marchais, in Northern France, refused to accede to the demands of the revolutionists.

"Be mindful of your duty and loyal to your Prince," he said in one message.

His communications were sent by his son-in-law, now known as Prince Pierre de Monaco, formerly Pierre de Polignac, a member of a well-known French family and a busy wine agent before his marriage to the Crown Princess of Monaco.

The revolutionists may be quiet for a time, but they will be heard from again. Americans will be divided between sympathy for a people struggling for self-determination and disapproval of a movement to make wicked Monte Carlo gayer.

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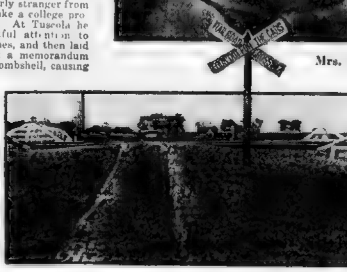
The Perfect Crime—Almost

Had Farm-Hand McAllister Been Murdered for His Insurance Before the Train Smashed the "Stalled" Automobile in Which He Sat, as the Illinois Police Assert—or Was It the Accident Which His Employer, to Whom His Policies Were Made Out, Says It Was?

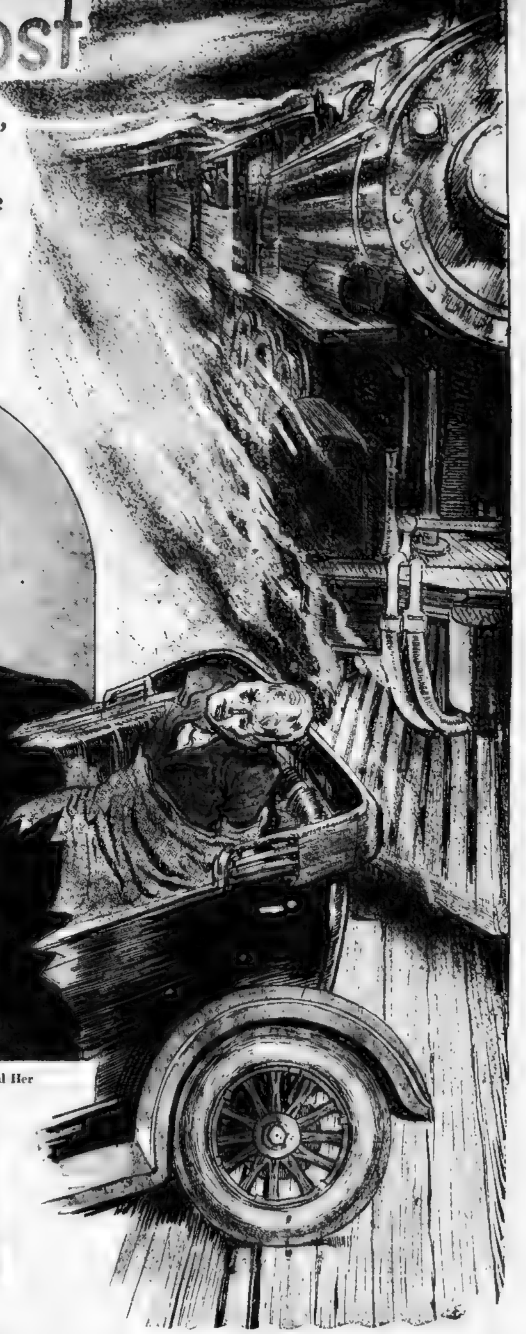
A Photograph of the Wrecked Automobile as It Appeared After the Train Had Tossed It Into a Neighboring Cornfield.

Emil Carroll, a Prosperous Illinois Farmer, Who Denies That He Planned "The Perfect Crime" to Get His Farm-Hand's Insurance, but Who Must Explain Some Very Puzzling Facts Before He Gets Out of Jail.

Mrs. Emil Carroll and Her Youngest Boy.



The Railroad Crossing at Tuscola, Illinois, Where the Carroll Automobile "Stalled" and Was Struck.



One of the Carrolls, the Illinois Police Allege, Killed McAllister With a Baseball Bat, Placed His Body in the Rear Seat of the Automobile, Tied His Legs Up With a Blanket to Keep Him Upright, and Then Drove the Automobile Half Over the Railroad Tracks, Leaving the Rear End Where It Was Bound to Be Struck by the Onrushing Locomotive. But Farmer Carroll, Who Had Heavily Insured McAllister in His Favor, Asserts That It Was All an Accident, and That He Himself Was Nearly Killed at the Same Time; Nevertheless, He and His Brother Are Under Arrest Charged With Murder.

WHAT [illegible] might have been [illegible] to the Illinois police [illegible] was [illegible] the other day, near the little town of [illegible], Ill., by a [illegible] cow.

A freight train had struck a stalled automobile [illegible] the car and [illegible] its two occupants into a [illegible]. Emil Carroll, a [illegible] farmer and owner of the car, was picked up by the train crew, [illegible], covered with mud and lacerations and, at the hospital, proved to be suffering from a dislocated hip.

The other man, Walter McAllister, a farm hand working for Carroll, was dead from a fractured skull. The coroner's jury returned the obvious verdict of accidental death. McAllister was buried and Carroll came out of the hospital with a limp, but agreeing with everyone that he was lucky to [illegible].

That is all that ever would have come of it if John Blasley, a farmer owning land on both sides of the tracks, not far from the scene of the smash, had not tried to move his cow from one pasture to the other. Some mysterious notion prompted the animal to go cantering clumsily down the railroad right of way some distance toward the crossing.

Then, with the farmer in pursuit, she plunged into a field, finally coming to a stop in the midst of some weeds, apparently interested in a shiny object which also interested Mr. Blasley. It was a baseball bat. There was no blood on it or other reason for suggesting crime, but it was an object out of place—which always [illegible] curiosity.

Before that curiosity was satisfied, the authorities had exhumed the body of McAllister, the coroner's jury had reconvened to render a very different verdict and, finally, Emil Carroll and his brother Will were indicted on the charge of murder.

Blasley [illegible] a [illegible] Presumably, [illegible] the [illegible] in pursuit of a cow, had led him to that bat for a reason, and his mind jumped to the tragedy that had happened nearby. The locomotive could not possibly have knocked the bat to the place in which it was found, and yet there did seem to be a connection. Emil Carroll, the survivor of the accident, [illegible] best baseball player in the county, having pitched one season for the [illegible] Red.

When Carroll identified the bat as his property, but said it was not in the wrecked car, and that he could not explain its presence in the field, others besides Blasley began to wonder and quietly [illegible] a little detective work.

The [illegible] reasoned that the bat must have been thrown there by someone to get rid of it.

Why?

A bat is the natural weapon for a ball player to use, just as a mechanic picks up a wrench or spanner and a farmer an axe.

It was also recalled that McAllister had said that the Carrolls [illegible] had beaten him [illegible] he had stolen some liquor from them. A professional detective would have told them that [illegible] as a [illegible] would not [illegible] in court, but they went ahead [illegible] the same.

Someone talked to the crew of the freight train and learned that McAllister's legs were found to be wrapped in a blanket and also seemed tied with an inner tube. The tube might have become accidentally entangled, but it was queer that the man had not at least gotten out of the blanket before the engine struck him.

Well, he might have been asleep. But blood was found inside of the blanket and none on the car. And another thing that seemed strange was that shortly after the accident someone had stripped the wrecked automobile of everything, even things of no value.

It might seem a queer coincidence that the car happened to stall exactly on the railroad tracks, but hundreds of others have done that. That only the rear end containing McAllister was over the rail, while Carroll's front seat was clear, might not mean anything because a car was as likely to stop in one position as another.

These points were called to the attention of the sheriff and coroner who were not much impressed. A thousand such queer features would not turn a perfectly obvious accident into a murder case unless there was a strong motive. It was absurd to think that Carroll, a reasonably prosperous man, in his sober senses, would take a penniless farmhand for a ride, murder him in cold blood and then almost get killed himself, without some more likely motive than an old quarrel over some bootleg liquor.

In the excitement nobody took much notice of a quiet, elderly stranger from Chicago who looked like a college professor on a vacation. At Tuscola he listened with respectful attention to all the farmers' theories, and then laid on the sheriff's desk a memorandum that proved to be a bombshell, causing the authorities to completely reverse their attitude.

The stranger was an insurance investigator and he made known that the dead man was carrying $16,000 of life insurance, much of it to be paid double in case of death by accident. It is unheard of for a man on farmhand's wages to burden himself with any such amount, even when it is his duty to provide for a wife or widowed mother. In this case the deceased had no such obligation. He had loaded himself with the weight for the benefit of Emil Carroll and his wife.

The investigator thought it extra remarkable that a man should repay a beating by taking on all this insurance, in small amounts, with different companies and then [illegible] go to sleep in the back seat of a [illegible] himself killed. He had never met such a martyr in the flesh. Incidentally he was looking into the curious difference in McAllister's signatures on the application blanks when compared with that on the voting list and other undoubtedly genuine ones.

When all this was laid before State's Attorney Robert E. Cotton, he ordered the body of the farm hand exhumed from the little cemetery near Atwood and [illegible] Coroner R. C. Gilogly, [illegible] doctors performed an autopsy. They found that the skull had been broken into twenty-four pieces. It was their unanimous opinion that McAllister's head had been beaten in by a series of blows with a blunt instrument, and not by one grand one such as might have been delivered by the impact of a locomotive. There were no internal injuries. The same coroner's jury was reconvened and decided upon a rehearing of the case.

Both the Carrolls had been subpoenaed to appear at the second hearing, but they were advised by their lawyers to stand on their constitutional right to stay away. However, they were represented by Attorney J. [illegible] T. Davis and [illegible] Herrick, a well known [illegible] however, [illegible] that proper [illegible] was laid upon the testimony of Dr. M. E. Lamar, chief surgeon of the [illegible] Memorial Hospital. Dr. Lamar testified that Emil [illegible], one arm was [illegible] and his hip [illegible].

A week later the case came before the Grand Jury where Attorney Davis called attention to his client's undoubted injuries and asked if it was reasonable to suppose that Emil, if he had wanted McAllister to be hit by the train so it would look as if that had killed him, would have [illegible] the car, [illegible] it was hit. He explained that Carroll had made no effort to see that his passenger got out because he had [illegible] to the last to get the car started and almost paid for his "honest mistake" with his own life. William admitted stripping the car, but said he did it at Emil's request, so nothing could be stolen.

Thirty-five indictments were returned against the two Carroll brothers, charging them in various ways with murdering and conspiring to murder the heavily insured farm hand. The Carrolls pleaded not guilty and the case was set down for trial.

Whether it turns out to be accident or murder, William Carroll certainly was not present at the time of the [illegible] on the tracks, but [illegible] the [illegible] farm and on the road. According to the [illegible] brothers, [illegible] Walter McAllister [illegible] to the [illegible] hospital [illegible] to [illegible] Will Carroll, a patient there. There is no question about that much of it. Then they drove to Villa Grove, on an errand which has not yet been entirely explained and at a late hour, Emil [illegible] on their way home when [illegible] went on a [illegible] piece of road.

The two men were hard at work changing the tires when Will Carroll, on his way back from a visit to the town of Champaign, happened along in his car, stopped, chatted a moment and drove on. It had been a rather warm day, but the night was turning cold and therefore McAllister, who had become rather heated by the exercise of tire-changing, wrapped himself in the blankets to avoid catching cold. The reason he sat in the rear seat, Emil explained, was because a spring was broken in the one beside the driver, making it uncomfortable.

That is the Carroll side of the case.

But the prosecution draws a different picture. They will try to prove that when Will so opportunely drove up, McAllister, probably leaning over the tire, was banged repeatedly over the head with the baseball bat. His body was then put in the back seat, [illegible] up the legs wrapped up in the blanket to keep him steady and the auto driven to the railroad crossing.

There it was carefully stopped in exactly the right position for the dead farmhand to get the full force of the [illegible] locomotive drawing the fast train, that Carroll knew was due.

The Carrolls had hoped, the authorities believe, that the force of the locomotive would so mangle McAllister's body that no trace of any previous injury could be found. After the accident, the wrecked car was stripped by Will to be sure no evidence that the brothers might have overlooked would turn up. The bat was thrown [illegible] in a spot where it was [illegible] no one would find it and [illegible] rains washed off any tell-tale blood marks on it.

In other words, here was to be the perfect crime. And it would have been, according to the [illegible] right, too [illegible] it had not been for the [illegible] runaway cow and its curiosity.

Although Mrs. Emil Carroll would have been enriched by more than half of that insurance, if Mr. Blasley [illegible] and others had not [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible]

The Carrolls say that they will explain [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] looks [illegible] and they have decided [illegible] to ask a change of venue [illegible] feeling the farmers who [illegible] the case against them.

If the case is proved against them, the actions of the cow will strengthen the [illegible] of many people that [illegible] Providence [illegible] that "murder will out."

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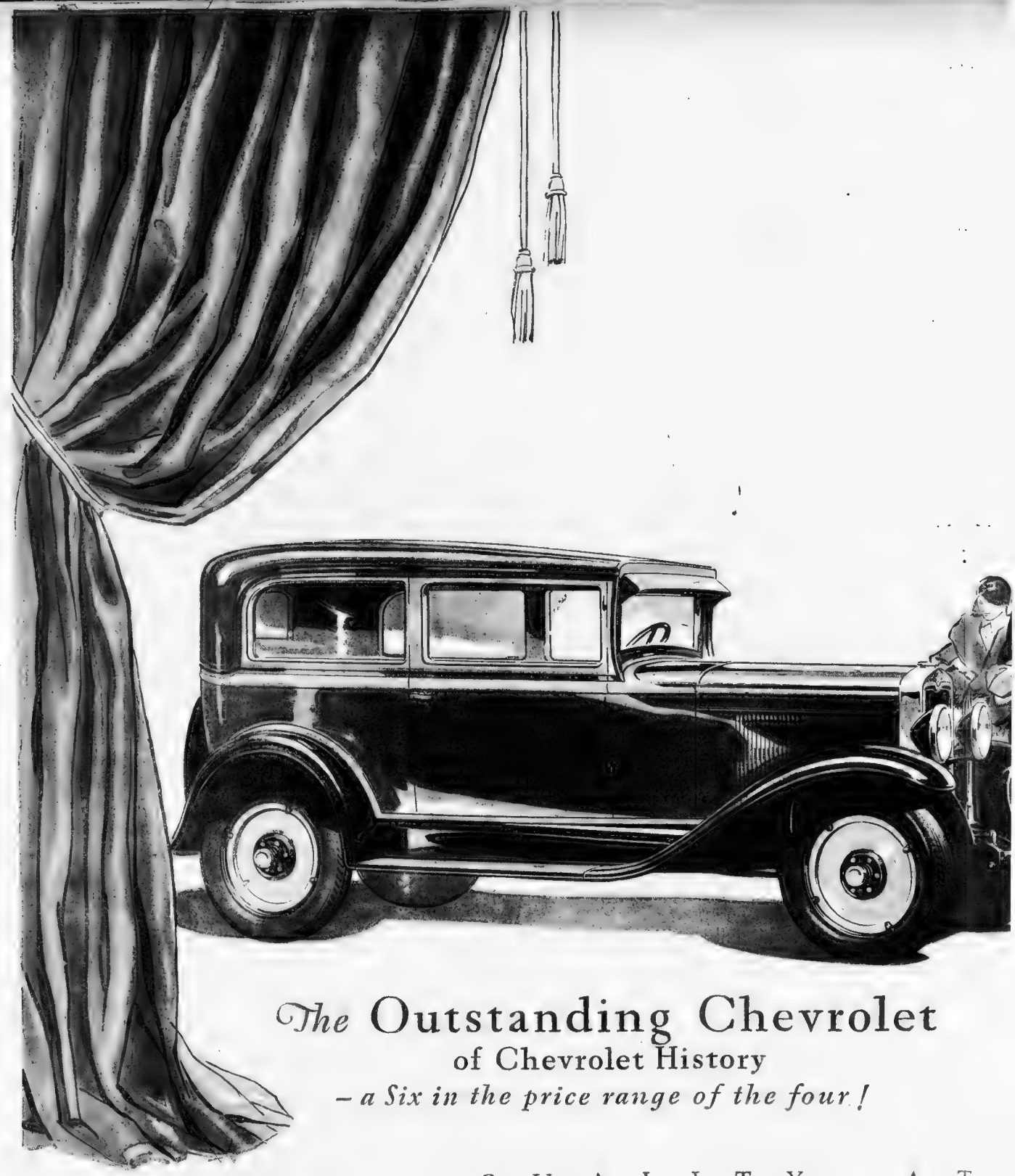

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L O W C O S T

Mistral — By Max Brand

A Tale of Love and Bluegrass Thoroughbreds

CHAPTER I.

Lindley Bister of Bister Hall.

FIVE miles out of Borrogate is Eastdown Hill, where all cars change to second and some go down to first; but that is going East, and Lindley Bister was going West. At the verge of the long descent he stopped his car and looked over the smooth metal of the road, polished by the last shower of the afternoon, and now rosy with the evening light. He had told young Phil Osborne that a coasting car would get to eighty miles an hour at the bottom of that slope, even with a standing start; and Osborne had declared that the thing wasn't possible—besides, no one would be such a fool as to make the experiment, because the main road crossed at the bottom of the hill.

Lindley Bister was not a fool, he hoped, but he saw no good reason why one should not coast down this hill. He worked out the chances mathematically. For suppose that there were thirty automobiles in the mile on the main road and each car occupied five yards, that meant that only a hundred and fifty yards were occupied out of seventeen hundred and sixty. So that the chance was less than one out of ten that there would be a collision at the foot of the hill.

By this you will see that Lindley Given Bister was of a mathematical turn of mind; and now the mathematician was grinning with pleasure as his machine began to move, surrendered more and more to the pitch of the slope, and now slid on with the long hood of the roadster quivering with speed. The wind hummed and sang and finally screamed at his car, but squinting through the gale, he maintained his smile. He was near the bottom of the hill now, when he saw the flash of a headlight on the main road, and then the sweeping lamps of another coming the opposite way.

He could see that it would be a rather close thing, but what a crushing he could give Osborne when they met again! For as he snapped the switch-board light on and off again he had a glimpse of the speedometer with the number seventy-five crawling rapidly across its face. Just then the car took wings down the final slope and even the mathematical mind of Mr. Bister was blurred a little by the speed.

They hit the surface of the main road with a stagger, just in time to see a gleaming great limousine thrust its nose in their line. One could not swerve sharply at such a speed without beginning to roll like a little round stone, but Lindley Bister gave his car all it would stand and skimmed past the spare tires of the limousine on two wheels. Dimly, from the rear, he heard a scream and a roar of curses, but a turn of the road blotted out these sounds.

"It must have been close to ninety-five, across that road," he meditated.

Next to a good horse, there was certainly a place in the world for a good automobile!

But he quite forgot all other matters in a new concern. With the momentum which he had gained, could he rush Chadwick Hill on high? It was just as steep as Eastdown, but much shorter; so he pushed the accelerator to the floor and stormed Chadwick Hill like a mad young colt. Near the top the car wavered a bit.

General Bister, White Hair Streaming, Leaned Far Back as Sarpedon Strove to Sit Down on His Haunches and Slide to the Level Where the Hounds Were Closing on Their Quarry.

But a horse that won't be winded and go on is no good; and an engine that won't stand a strain isn't worth having.

Over the brow of Chadwick Hill, therefore, at a labored ten miles an hour went the roadster, and with a throbbing motor began to gather impetus once more. But even Lindley Bister had enough speed to satisfy him for the nonce; he let the car slip idly on at forty and turned his eyes towards Appleton Hill, now black against the West, with the ruins of the old Snydam Mill looking down at him from the crest. No Bister could go past this place without serious thoughts, and young Lindley with a gleaming eye called up that picture out of the past which his grandfather never failed to paint for him on the fourth of October of every year.

For on the head of that rise of ground, many a season past, old General Bister had reined his horse and watched a tired fox run over Borrogate Meadows; the hounds strung out half beaten, the M. F. H., the whippers-in and all the hunt dead and gone except Ned Sherdon on his new gray stallion. Lindley's grandfather, Colonel Bister, always swore that it was the sight of a Sherdon coming up for the kill that maddened the old general, for as long as men could remember, the Sherdons and the Bisters had been deadly rivals; there was such bad blood between them as would have made a feud had their setting been a little farther south.

Now the general saw the fox double about and make his point for Borrogate Wood, where big earths were known to lie open. With that turn Sidney Bister heard the whole cry of the pack well up in music from the Meadows; he saw the heavy brush of the fox, with the dogs gaining at every stride, and, worst of all, young Ned Sherdon's gray going gallantly along and flying the creek in noble style. The heart of the general swelled. That day he rode the apple of his eye, the good horse Sarpedon, rich in the old Prince Regent blood. Perhaps Sarpedon pressed to be gone; perhaps it was the clear beauty of the day; but most of all it was sight of Ned Sherdon riding alone to the kill that must have worked like magic in the soul of Sidney Bister, so that he forgot the terrible perils that lay between him and the foot of Appleton Hill.

At any rate, young Sherdon heard a hunter's cheer ring down against the wind, and looking up, he saw the general on brown Sarpedon jump the hedge beside Syndam Mill and pitch down the slop. The stone fence shut them out of view; mighty Sarpedon cleared that fence. Sherdon saw the good horse rise, and the general with hat blown off and white hair streaming; it seemed hardly possible that horse and man could have gone so far down that treacherous slope, but surely the gaping chasm of Snydam Creek would stop them.

No, they flew the gorge—a thing to be dreamed of but never credited—and flinging on, Sarpedon cleared the high rail fence which stood at the top of the last and steepest part of the hill. The children of Borrogate knew that place; they came there in the snows of the Winter with their sleds. The dizzy fall of ground mastered Sarpedon at last. He strove to sit down on his haunches and slide the distance to the level where the hounds were now closing on their quarry, but Sherdon saw the brown horse swerve, right himself, swerve again and then topple headlong.

Right among the pack as the hounds made the kill, fell the two. Sherdon found brown Sarpedon dead as he came up, but General Sidney Bister lived for ten seconds in the arms of the youngster before he gave up the ghost, with a smile.

These things shot through the mind of Lindley Bister as the car went past; that hunt was famous in story and legend now as the Bister Run. Thirty-five miles the pack had traveled and some swore that the fox had not changed before them. At any rate, the brush of the fox hung in Bister Hall to this day, and Lindley was not sure that too high a price had been paid for it! A dream began to rise before him, dimming his eyes; but the dream vanished all at once as he saw the twinkling of a light behind three tall, familiar fir trees at the entrance to Borrogate Village.

He remembered now that the night was cold, and jumping the car across the road, he swerved it up the driveway and came to a stop behind the tavern. The back door was thrust open at once.

"Hey, Tommy! Did you bring up them potatoes?" bellowed a rich deep voice.

"That ain't Tommy and the flivver," piped a youngster. "I know the sound of his engine."

"It's I," said Bister, coming out of the dark. "How are you, Clancy?"

"Tired!" said Clancy Muldoon. "Tired of cursin' Tommy. If he ain't late, he's always forgetting. Usually he's both. Come in and have something to warm you up. This'll put heart in the foxes, this weather, Mr. Bister."

They passed through the kitchen into a long, narrow room which widened at the farther end enough to allow a stove to be placed there, surrounded by a circle of old leather-cushioned chairs. This had been a famous room in the old days. In it General Washington had asked for a glass of the Muldoon cider, and the great-great-great great-grandfather of Clancy Muldoon had handed the drink to the hero.

Clancy lowered his voice to confidential tones. "I've had a barrel of cider froze, sir. And just this morning I bored through the ice and tapped it. There was sixty gallons that have boiled down to fifteen. You look here, will you?"

He poured out a glass of amber liquor, and Lindley Bister breathed of a light, chilly fragrance.

"Smell it, Mr. Bister," urged the tavernkeeper. "Pure essence of apple blossoms, I tell you. You never laid your lip over nothing finer!"

"Isn't there anyone here to drink with us?"

"No, sir," hesitated Muldoon, "Who is it?"

"Only Tim McFarland."

"Bring him in."

"You don't mind?"

"I'd love to see Tim again."

Muldoon, with a grin, opened an inner door. "Tim, you're wanted!"

A youth with a pale face and a broad, blunt jaw appeared. He blinked at Lindley Bister. Then: "What's wanted of me, Clancy?"

But young Bister advanced upon him and grasped his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Tim," he assured the other. "Come and have a drink with me."

"Do you mean it, sir?"

"Of course, I mean it."

"Mr. Lindley, I don't know that the colonel would be pleased if he was to know that you'd had a drink with me!"

"The colonel doesn't live in my skin, and I don't live in his. How long have you been out?"

"Only three weeks, sir." And Tim passed a thoughtful hand over his cropped head.

"And just staying here while I look around."

"You come home with me tonight; I'll see that you get honest work."

"The colonel would—"

"I'll manage that. We need an extra man with the horses."

"If you can trust me, Mr Lindley—" began the other with a white face.

"Nonsense! Trust yourself, and the whole world will trust you."

Tim looked suddenly down to the floor.

"Come on, Clancy. A long life and a lucky one to Tim McFarland. Down with it!"

They drank, looking at one another and not at Tim, whose face could not endure inspection for the moment.

"Lovely stuff!" said Bister. "Attar of roses and cider combined, I'd say. Freeze a pair o' barrels for me, will you?"

"You're feeling your blood a bit, sir," said Clancy Muldoon, filling the glasses.

"I was at the races this afternoon and watched my horse win at twenty-five to one, Clancy. Confound me, I only had a hundred on it!"

Muldoon rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "I'd call it tender and juicy — twenty-five hundred!" said he. "Who passed you the tip?"

"My own eyes, Clancy. My own eyes! I wouldn't give a hang for a bet on another man's thinking. I only saw her in the paddock, and I thought she was a bit weak behind. But shoulders you would love; and she had legs. Yards of 'em! It staggered me a bit when I got to the bookies and found out the odds; but, after all, a long shot has to win some time. Why not today? I let the books keep the hundred because he'd seen it. I didn't want to back out. And the mare won for me! Here's to her, bless her brave little heart!"

The amber liquor vanished and Muldoon tilted the bottle again.

"No more, Clancy! That stuff is singing a song to me already. And I have to be myself tonight, because Judge Postlethwaite is down for dinner and the week-end, and the colonel would never forgive me if I came home a bit on the rosy side."

"Only one more, Mr. Lindley. The cold air'll blow this stuff right out of your head."

"One more, then. But this is the last. Drink up, Tim! Show a bit of heart, man, now that you're back with friends!"

"Friends, sir?" said Tim sadly and bitterly. "They turn their heads when I go past."

"Any cur will bite a man that's down," said Bister, "but the dogs that are worth running with are made of better stuff. This will teach you how to pick and choose. It's a grand world, Tim, but a great lot of broken-winded cripples to run in it and refuse in the pinches. Charge those drinks, Clancy, will you? I'm short."

"Hello, sir! You ain't had twenty-five hundred picked out of your pocket, I hope?"

"No it was worse robbery than that. What was twenty-five hundred? Only a story and not really enough to warm the blood. I felt like a killing, so I looked down the card and saw Tiptoe in the fifth. He was two to five, or around that. And when I thought back to his breeding, I remembered that it was Prince Regent stuff, and crossed back on the same, a couple times."

"You like that blood, Mr. Lindley," ventured Tim McFarland, "but the colonel hates it, doesn't he?"

"Because a Prince Regent horse killed General Sidney, you know. And because there's a vicious streak in them, of course. But they run on, in a race or behind a pack, and that's the main trick. I got my money on Tiptoe and saw him coming grandly a furlong from the finish when the idiot of a jockey rammed him straight into a pocket. A blind man could have ridden better by the sound of the hoofs. It was young Green, at that, and he ought to have known better."

"That little hound is crooked as a snake's tail," vowed Muldoon, striking the bar. "You were beaten, then?"

"It was a grand run," said Bister, smiling back at the memory. "Green pulled him outside the others at last, and then he sprinted up within a head of the winner. So what's the difference, Clancy? My bet was right, my jockey was wrong, and next time I'll have better luck, eh?"

"Here's to Tiptoe, and the deuce take Green!" said Muldoon, filling his glass.

"I'll drink to the first part of that, but not the second. After all, the boy rode the race out!"

"Oh, that's an old trick, sir! Here's how, Mr. Lindley! I remember when I was going the rounds in Canada, doing the small-time tracks———"

The story went on; the bottle was emptied and another produced, and the tide sank to ebb in it also.

Tim McFarland interrupted the recital: "We'd better start along, sir. The colonel, you know——"

"Confound the colonel. Don't tell me what to do, Tim. Clancy fill them up!"

"Clancy, lay off that stuff," said Tim with firmness.

"Maybe he's right," said Clancy with a sigh. "A bit dizzy, Mr. Lindley?"

"Never clearer in — my l—. What's masser with you, T—? One more, Clancy!"

"Mr. Lindley," said Tim, "we got to start."

"It's my closing time," said Muldoon.

"Open the door," said Tim softly. "I'll take him."

"You will?" cried Bister. "By gad, Tim, do you think that you can manhandle me? There isn't enough of you to—oh, all right, all right! I'll go along if you say so."

And so Bister was led from the room with fumbling feet.

"Empty stomach," snarled Clancy Muldoon to Tim on the way to the car. "That's what comes of the swells having lat suppers. Take care of him, Tim," he added as McFarland got into the driver's seat and Lindley Bister was huddled in beside him.

"Of course, man," said McFarland, "what else would I do?"

"Clancy!" called Bister.

"Aye, sir."

"I want to hear that old song about the dapple hound and the Peterby fox."

"We'll have that the next time you come down. I've got to close up. Good by, Mr. Lindley."

"Good by, Clancy." And as the car began to move: "Hold on Tim! How does it happen that you're driving?"

"Would you trust me to handle your horses, but you wouldn't trust me to drive your car, sir?"

"No!" said Bister, striking his

(Continued on Page 16)

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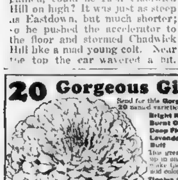

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A BIG FINE SUPER-SIX

Mistral — By Max Brand

(Continued from Page 14)

hands together. "No, Tim. I'll trust you. But just give me a [illegible]. Keep it down to fifty [illegible]. Back when you get [illegible]. Tim, I'm bad!"

"Fifty cents a flag. Mr. Lindley, I'm [illegible] pick up. Old Tom will back up."

"Old Tom? The scoundrel! He won't stop me. Tim, I feel have a breeze! A breeze!"

CHAPTER II.

"A Bit on the Rosy Side."

OUT of a shattered cup of memory Bister was pouring forth [illegible] the songs of the old [illegible] the British fox hunt [illegible] sharply, "Here—Bister! Hang it! You'd better pipe down."

"What time is it?"

"Seven minutes to eight, sir."

"Seven minutes to eight! Can I do it? [illegible] the clock [illegible] the dickens!"

Tim leaped the [illegible] the back door. He [illegible] fields [illegible] himself from the front [illegible] out, and McFarland knew that he needed help. So he went to the rear door of the house and encountered there the tall [illegible] form of Ted Loomis, the head groom. Mr. Loomis [illegible] a pipe from between his teeth and looked up [illegible] down.

"Well!" he [illegible] "What's you been [illegible]?"

"Nothing, but [illegible] sword! [illegible] Bit [illegible] brought home [illegible] Will you [illegible] hour?"

"[illegible]"

"The [illegible] pipe for [illegible] do."

He pushed [illegible] Mr. Lindley [illegible] the door [illegible] shoulder [illegible] and [illegible] Tim. "What more do you want?"

"You're right! [illegible]" said Loomis. "But [illegible] hates this sort of thing? How long has [illegible] to get him to shape for eight o'clock dinner?"

"Seven minutes."

"It can never be done. How [illegible] you, sir?"

"At a [illegible] Ted," said Bister, [illegible] pick up the [illegible]."

"[illegible] Loomis. [illegible] Mr. Lindley [illegible] on the other. "We'll get out!"

At the door again, Gregory, the butler, and Chance, the valet, met them. They gave the grandson of the master a wide glance and then fell into a [illegible] consultation. Should they report that Mr. Lindley was [illegible] a telephone message be received saying that the car had broken down on the road?

No, none of those things would do. For the colonel was never interested in words. He wanted action.

"What shall we do, sir? Are you better?"

"Gregory!" said Bister.

The butler stepped forward, and Bister dropped a hand on his shoulder. "Do my thinking for me, Gregory. The clutch is slipping in my brains and I can't make the hill."

"A fine affair," said Gregory sternly, "when a Bister can't manage his liquor better than this. What's to be done, Chance? Go tell the cook that dinner must be at five minutes to eight."

"He won't do it, Mr. Gregory. He knows the [illegible] I will not have a meal late."

"Do as I tell you, [illegible] Mr. Lindley [illegible] and tell him to turn back the clock in the kitchen, Chance."

"Well," said the valet.

"Get him upstairs and take his clothes off, [illegible] cold water [illegible] for two [illegible]."

"Well, [illegible] Chance [illegible] pool [illegible] Bister Hall [illegible] Tim [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] dappled hound [illegible] fox on another [illegible] conveyed [illegible] and back ways, [illegible] arrived at the character which, for ten generations, had been occupied always by the heir of Bister. Of course, was the busiest of all, and he likewise was the direct. [illegible] Young, but [illegible] and [illegible] McFarland, and two others appeared in haste, all [illegible]. So the clothes were stripped from Lindley Bister, who [illegible] softly and vaguely to the [illegible] of the fox and the hound.

Mr. Chance made free with his [illegible] most thoughts, as a servant may do who has dwelt [illegible] years in the world of one master, for he had been born in [illegible].

"[illegible] at him!" he said, with [illegible] and scorn as two [illegible] Bister toward the bath [illegible] clock is drawing there, [illegible] hundred and fifty pounds of [illegible]."

[illegible] Loomis flashed back at [illegible] was always about [illegible] to him play football. But I've seen him go through a door [illegible] like quicksilver, [illegible] fingers. The same, [illegible] a door. The grip that rides [illegible] and one is in the head; it isn't in the knees! Don't splash, sir. You've drenched me."

They ducked Mr. Lindley Bister's [illegible] aldering body and prodding [illegible] mouth under an icy tide of water and drew him forth again. Two towels in two pairs of hands dried him; and the [illegible] fingers of McFarland, [illegible] science learned in the training quarters of prize fighters, kneaded, rolled and stripped the [illegible] of Bister until his [illegible] glowed and his strength [illegible] like tangled wires beneath the skin.

Then into his dinner clothes he [illegible] stamped his feet into his [illegible], and knotted his own tie with a steady touch, saying: "Well done, Chance! Tell Gregory to give you something from [illegible] cellar. I'm all myself again. It's confoundedly cold that was to wash! Brr! Am I in time?"

"[illegible], if you [illegible] your [illegible] minute. Gregory is [illegible] the clock."

"The big clock? Gad! Good old Gregory! Am I all right, Chance?"

"I wouldn't walk too slowly, sir; I wouldn't talk a great deal, and I'd be light on the wine at dinner."

"You're a cool one, Chance. But I'll do as you say. Down I go. Listen! The old clock's striking the hour!"

Chance had white hair, sleeked carefully back, and he had a surprisingly young face set upon a neck that thrust out a bit, which gave him an expression partly [illegible] and partly inquisitive. Half looking and half reverent, he watched his young master pass from the door of the room and down the hall beyond with a light tap which tapped on the [illegible] and passed out of hearing.

Then McFarland and Loomis and Gregory and the others turned and faced one another, shaking their heads and laughing. All save Chance, who rarely permitted himself more than a smile.

"He's rare!" said Loomis. "A thoroughbred from the bottom of his feet to the top of his head."

"[illegible] old strain and the true strain," declared Tim McFarland. "I'd go through a lot for him, I would!"

[illegible] even Chance was forced to say [illegible] Tim, "I think he'll do, for a young one." All trooped [illegible] arm in arm down the stairs toward [illegible] quarters. But [illegible] they had the last laugh. My friends!" said Chance.

[illegible]

"In [illegible] ball tonight [illegible] as much good [illegible] happened this [illegible] is well necessary for the [illegible] of all concerned. And [illegible] do well to [illegible] except what I [illegible] remember at that [illegible]," he added, "it would [illegible] impossible for [illegible] Mr. Lindley Bister, drag him out of cold water, [illegible] in town and dress him. The reasons are two. In the first [illegible] old young gentleman [illegible] would have needed such [illegible] In the second [illegible] would have per[illegible] parties. Do you understand me?"

"[illegible]," said Ted Loomis, [illegible] face shining with enthusiasm, "hang me if you ain't a man!"

"Aye," said Tim McFarland, "but serving a master like Mr. Lindley, ain't it sure to bring out the best that's in a man?"

The noble spirit which was receiving all the service and adulation in the meantime was tripping lightly down the stairs into the great hall, singing softly an old, old song about a dapple hound and a fox. As he turned at the bottom of the steps onto the shimmering floor the image of the great clock floated before him, and as he raised his eyes he heard the last long, mellow chime die out, and the minute hand moved from the hour mark.

At the library door he paused, and two dignified gentlemen rose to greet him.

"Another proof that your watch is fast, [illegible]," said Colonel Bister. "Lindley is never late."

There was a third person in the room—a girl who was introduced as the niece of Judge Posthlewaite, and as they left the library the colonel lingered momentarily to say softly to his grandson, "I have just made you. Posthlewaite wants to marry Haleyone to you. Look at her! Young, beautiful, just from school; perfectly in time to be molded to the hand of a Bister. A clean-bred one, too. A fine [illegible] with no shadows outcrop[illegible]. And a million in her own right. You lucky young rascal, wag!"

"Rather an odd name Haleyone," said Lindley Bister.

"Rather an—why, curse me, Lindley, if you refuse at this [illegible] may you do a [illegible]?"

Young Bister [illegible] himself before [illegible] and a glass of wine. He was [illegible] recovered from his [illegible] little that dreadful [illegible] to Miss Taverton. He had [illegible] to draw concentrated attention from anyone, and of all [illegible] the colonel, on the night [illegible] most that hundred [illegible] that Miss Taverton wore a dinner gown of [illegible] lace and no ornament except [illegible] broad faced [illegible] Harry Rendal, profoundly [illegible] had taken Bister with him [illegible] to Tiffany's, and [illegible] they had priced a brace [illegible] but not half the [illegible] of that price [illegible] one vision of a clean-bred one, [illegible] A fine [illegible], with no shadows outcrop[illegible]. And a million in her own right. You lucky young rascal, wag!"

"Rather an odd name Haleyone," said Lindley Bister.

"Rather an—why, curse me, Lindley, if you refuse at this [illegible] may you do a [illegible]?"

Young Bister [illegible] himself before [illegible] and a glass of wine. He was [illegible] recovered from his [illegible] little that dreadful [illegible] attention to Miss Taverton. He had [illegible] to draw concentrated attention from anyone, and of all [illegible] the colonel, on the night [illegible] most that hundred [illegible] that Miss Taverton wore a dinner gown of [illegible] lace and no ornament except [illegible] broad faced [illegible] [illegible] from mantel-town. The colonel [illegible] appeared, was wrong again; he was nearly always wrong. No doubt she was a clean bred one; he could tell that by the way she was made, [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] by a master hand. No one who knew [illegible] could fail to rate a breeding, [illegible], after all, the pride for generations [illegible] [illegible] and Bister blood.

[illegible] your [illegible] said Bister. [illegible] Wright [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Mad Money By Virginia Swain

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Sylvia Barton, leaving ... New York ... her father's ... learns that Bonita could not go on the week end and that Jael stayed away to get her in trouble. ... listed as missing and the Gazette offers a reward for information leading to her discovery. ... man is waiting at the door for Jael. The next morning she quarrels with Jael and takes an apartment of her own, buying furniture with her inheritance money.

Raymond tells her that she is to go to Montreal on a business trip.

The day Madelon disappeared her maid heard her call Sylvia frantically ... Sylvia learns from Spencer that Madelon ... disappeared. She wants to make a clean breast of everything but he refuses.

Sylvia Stood There Crushed, the Telegram Clutched in Her Hand.

A news butcher brought the ... morning papers ...

... through ... following ... up to ...

... who had registered ...

Sylvia's ... one of the ... glared ... tive from New York ... ed young ... drank their blood. She came up to the desk.

"Pardon, Miss Barton," he ...

(Continued on Page 19)

CHAPTER XLIII.

Bad News.

SPENCER stood in the center of her living room and surveyed the surroundings while taking off his impeccably smart coat. He obviously approved. "Very good indeed, Sylvia my dear. I must send you down my old red rug for that corner cupboard."

He walked to the fireplace and shifted an ornament delicately with his gloved hands. "Why didn't you let me go shopping with you?"

... offended her. She looked at him stonily.

He smiled. "Cheer up," he said. "I've brought you good news. The Coudray woman is silenced for all time."

She continued to stare at him. "How?" she asked finally.

He shrugged the delicate shrug of the exquisite. "How, indeed? By the most efficacious means. By a check, opportunely written and discreetly signed by my broker, not myself."

Sylvia sat down opposite him.

"She capitulated readily enough," he went on. "Promised to keep her mouth shut and to hand over Madelon's diary to me. Seems you are mentioned in it rather often of late. The whole thing is calculated to make a perfect newspaper scandal, isn't it?" He seemed actually to be enjoying the drama of the situation. Sylvia looked at him wonderingly.

"What if she breaks her promise?" she asked him.

He laughed. "Another check will do the work. And it will be cheap at that, if it buys your peace, dear."

She shook her head.

"You haven't yet learned the power of money, Sylvia," he smiled. "You're still harboring some quaint Sunday School idea that money is the root of all evil—whereas, the truth is that it's the root of most good."

Sylvia laughed mirthlessly. "Money has had a hand in the other direction, too, this time. The hotelkeeper at Tannersville has told the Gazette that Madelon was in the mountains Christmas Eve. There's a five-hundred-dollar reward for information, you know."

He looked at her dumbfounded. Then he recovered himself. "I see my broker's going to spend a day or two in Tannersville."

Sylvia shook her head. "Money doesn't buy everything, Spencer."

He answered, smiling, "It buys most things, Sylvia."

She let him take her to a movie in Sheridan Square, which told the joys and sorrows of Camille in black and white, a la Hollywood, which might have been amusing as a burlesque, if the youngster playing Armand had not had two faun locks of curly hair which made her see the face of David Kain whenever she looked at him.

There was a special delivery letter under the door when they returned. It had been forwarded from Jael's address, and bore a Bernadette postmark.

Sylvia thrust it into her pocket until she should be free to read it. That was not for some time to come, for Spencer sat before the first fire that had been laid in the new house and talked of many things till midnight.

She had not told him that she was going to Montreal. An instinct of defense aroused by recent events, had kept her silent. She was beginning to feel like an outlaw preparing his escape, suspicious of friend and enemy alike. But because she knew she would not see him again for many days, and because she was going into the more or less unknown with a secret shared by him, she melted in his arms and cried a little when he said good night.

Thereafter she brightened up and called herself a fool and opened the letter from Bernadette. It was signed by Etta Rumsey:

"Dear Sylvia: When I wrote you the other day about hard times, I never thought how soon the blow would fall on us. I might as well tell you at once.

"The Benton County Savings Bank has failed and old Mr Morris, the president, has shot himself. They say depositors may get four or five cents on the dollar only.

"Sylvia darling, I hope you took your money out of Bernadette when you left. But Edward thinks you left it in the bank. If so, you'll get a notice soon, I suppose. How your poor ... after boarding ... for you all these years ..."

Sylvia could not read the last part of the letter, which was composed of more condolences and dotted with exclamation points. She laid the flimsy sheet of Bernadette stationery on a two hundred dollar chair!

Mad money! Mad money!

* * *

Sylvia spoke of her journey and Bonita said she would go along to Montreal with her. "There's someone I want to see there," she explained. But Sylvia suspected that Bonita's kind heart had dictated the decision.

On Sunday Sylvia wrote six or seven letters, each to a different tradesman, and mailed them in the Grand Central Station just before train time that night.

The Dominion Flyer was largely occupied by the American Order of Elephants, en route to its annual convention in the bars and beer gardens of Montreal. Elephants by pairs and trios, strolling down the Pullman aisle, gave Sylvia and Bonita the unctious but critical survey of American husbands and fathers whose courage is weaker than their desires.

After the first ten or twelve glances Sylvia ceased to mistake Elephants for detectives from the Homicide Bureau and settled down with a magazine in peace. Bonita sat looking out into the blackness through which they were flying.

At 10 o'clock the customs man came through with his little book and took everybody's name and business. "So we won't disturb you when we reach the border in the mornin'," he explained to Sylvia. At 11 o'clock she was sleeping soundly in her berth. It was the first solid slumber she had known in days.

Across the aisle Bonita turned softly now and then, keeping watch with her hopes and fears. At the other end of the car four Elephants were playing a noisy game of pinochle.

Travellers on the Dominion Flyer go to sleep in an evil-smelling canyon between tenements of the East Bronx and awake to the panorama of the St. Lawrence flowing clear and cool and wide toward the sea.

Even American Elephants, faced with that mighty vista, are liable to wonder uneasily whether this life is, after all, all beer and victuals and a quest for comely ankles.

Montreal begins with a chain of snug little residential islands stretching out like a welcoming finger from the mainland. The Dominion Flyer glides along its man-made roadbed so close that passengers eating breakfast in the dining car can see the polished brass door-plates and the polished glass windows of the extremely British houses.

At the table next to Sylvia and Bonita's an Elephant was discussing John Bull. "Worst cooks in the world—the English. Me and the missus spent six weeks in London and all we got was roast beef and some kind of doughy stuff they call Yorkshire pudding. When we asked for fried chicken or waffles or any kind of civilized food, they didn't know what we was talking about. No wonder the English are dumb."

"They got good drinks, though," his companion reminded him.

"Yeah, and their women got good complexions," said the first Elephant, with a leer at Sylvia. Both men burst into loud laughter.

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Candied Sweet Potatoes.

With a French vegetable cutter scoop 1 quart balls from raw sweet potatoes or cut in uniform slices. Melt ½ cup butter in a baking dish. Add ½ cup maple syrup and a few grains salt, and when hot add the potatoes. Shake over fire until hot ...

Grapefruit Cocktail.

Remove pulp from 2 or 3 grapefruit. To the pulp add 6 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup seeded Tokay or Malaga grapes and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cover and let stand in ice box an hour or longer. Arrange in frappe glasses and garnish with ...

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12	2499	1666	833
13	2457	1638	819
14	2418	1612	806
15	2379	1586	793
16	2343	1562	781
17	2292	1528	764
18	2253	1502	751
19	2205	1470	735
20	2172	1448	724
21	2127	1418	709
22	2082	1388	694
23	2052	1368	680
24	1998	1332	666
25	1947	1298	649
26	1908	1272	636
27	1863	1242	621
28	1818	1212	606
29	1764	1176	588
30	1722	1148	574
31	1674	1116	558
32	1629	1086	543
33	1578	1052	526
34	1536	1024	512
35	1491	994	497
36	1449	966	483
37	1401	934	467
38	1356	904	452
39	1308	872	436
40	1263	842	421
41	1224	816	408
42	1179	786	393
43	1134	756	378
44	1092	728	364
45	1050	700	350
46	1008	672	336
47	969	646	323
48	930	620	310
49	891	594	297
50	852	[illegible]	284

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Mad Money By Virginia Swain

(Continued from Page 17)

[illegible] clerk just reminded [illegible] he has some mail for you. I thought you might like to take it up with you now."

The [illegible] clerk presented a single [illegible] envelope. Sylvia tore it open [illegible]. It contained a wire from Spencer Devlin.

[illegible]

Sylvia stood there crushed, the telegram clutched in her hand.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Come Home!"

BONITA, watching Sylvia from across the lobby, came quickly to join her. "You mustn't stand here looking as if the [illegible] had fallen," she said softly. "People are beginning to stare."

Sylvia put the telegram in her purse and followed Bonita. It seemed an interminable time before they were alone in the high-ceilinged Victorian bedroom overlooking the square.

Bonita turned to her as soon as the bellboy went away. "What is it, Sylvia? You frighten me!"

Sylvia showed her the telegram. "What does he mean—'the papers on your trail?' How can they have found out about me? Oh, Bonita!" She sat down limply on the bed.

Bonita read the telegram through before she answered, her gray eyes clouded and her brows drawn together. Then she read it through a second time. "I don't know, Sylvia. I can't tell. But probably he's exaggerated the danger. From this wire I should say that our friend Spencer was in a case of extremely blue funk." She looked shrewdly at Sylvia.

Sylvia was still wide-eyed and very pale. "I know something must have happened. He was in perfectly good spirits about it the last time I saw him. What in the world can I do, Bonita?"

"Well," said Bonita slowly, "for the moment you can jump into a good warm bath and put on your prettiest dress and get ready for lunch. We'll know what he meant when his letter comes and until then it's no use to make yourself sick with worrying. Come now, I'll get out your things." She opened Sylvia's traveling bag with her capable hands and laid out several garments.

Sylvia obeyed. But the bath and toilette helped her very little. The thought of food revolted her, but Bonita insisted that she go down with her to lunch. The American Elephants had invaded the well-bred quiet of the lobby and the dining room. They might be seen merrily slapping one another on the back and uttering great and mirthful guffaws. At every table where there was an Elephant there was a forest of variegated bottles and a contemptuous waiter busy with a cork screw.

The head waiter found Sylvia and Bonita as quiet a corner as possible, and, at Bonita's request, sent out for New York papers. The boy brought in a stack of them.

Bonita opened them one by one and scanned the headlines. At last she made a low exclamation. "Here it is! This must have been what our friends in the dining car were reading. Listen, Sylvia, it's all right. They don't know much." She began to read aloud.

The bridge-keeper at Bear Mountain, like the inn-keeper at Tannersville, had apparently been moved to covet the five-hundred-dollar reward. He had seen, the Gazette reported, Mr. Spencer Devlin driving his powerful roadster north along the Storm King route, at about 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve.

He had noticed Mr. Devlin's companion especially because—well, to put it frankly—Mr. Devlin's companion on these drives was seldom the same as last time.

"This young lady," said the bridge-keeper, "was young—like all of 'em, and a beautiful blonde."

Bonita threw the paper down with a cry of relief. "You see, Sylvia, you're safe. They could never tie you up with this. A blonde! The man must have been blind."

"No," said Sylvia, "only romantic. Men are like that. Wherever they look—they see blondes. I had my hat pulled down and my collar up, because it was windy."

"Well," Bonita answered, "you're lucky, Sylvia. I believe this explains Spencer's telegram, too."

Sylvia frowned. "How?"

"He probably saw the headlines, ran through the story and rushed to wire you, without noticing the description does not fit you. We'll probably get a letter from him tomorrow explaining it. So we might just as well enjoy ourselves today. I'm going to order venison."

In the end, Sylvia ordered it, too, and ate it.

Further conversation was impossible, for the Elephants were now roaring in unison a popular ditty.

The excessively English waiters stood at attention in their places, wearing an expression of acute agony.

"Let's go," said Bonita, when the waiter had brought the finger bowls. They went.

From the windows of the Victorian bedroom, Montreal was a canvas in grays. Big flakes of wet, grayish snow drifted slowly down over the square and rested a second on the blankets of the old cab horses that stand, year in, year out, at the command of tourists and hotel guests. And the cabbies, in their great coats and fur caps, stood in the snow, as unprotesting as the horses.

Through the drifting curtains of snow, the gray spires of the cathedral could be seen, thrusting upward from the gray earth toward as gray a heaven.

Sylvia put on her coat and hat. "I'm going to see Raoul Morand," she said. "I'd want Raymond's business to be finished, if we should have—to leave suddenly."

Bonita looked up from her magazine, but made no comment. By tacit agreement, both refrained from admitting to each other that this trip might end in flight. Both gallantly played the roles of tourists on a Winter holiday.

Raoul Morand proved to be a small and elegant Frenchman in a small and elegant shop just off Catherine Street. He received Sylvia as an emissary from the great world, overwhelmed her with small attentions, and sent her away more than ever convinced that Raymond had sent her on this trip from motives rather humanitarian than commercial.

There was no detail of her business with Raoul which could not easily have been carried on by mail. Yet Raoul had served to justify the trip in the eyes of Dunning, the tight-lipped cashier, of whom Raymond stood in perpetual terror.

She came into the lobby of the Tudor thinking of Raymond and suddenly homesick for the comforting, commonplace routine of the shop on Fifty-seventh Street.

Bonita looked up when Sylvia entered their bedroom, and at first sight of her face, Sylvia's heart gave a great leap. Bonita held a yellow envelope in her hand.

It was another telegram from Spencer. "Leave Tudor today. Find obscure boarding house. Wire me address."

The two women sat staring at each other. "What are we to do?" said Bonita, at last.

Sylvia sprang to her feet and walked restlessly across the room. "Nothing," she said. "Here we stay till we are ready to go home. Spencer Devlin may as well find out that he can't order me around as though I were his butler or his wife."

A flick of amusement crossed Bonita's face. "Spencer is a very wealthy man. He's had long practice at ordering people around, Sylvia."

"I don't care," cried Sylvia. "He's tried it once too often this time. I've done nothing wrong and I don't intend to run and hide like a rat in its hole. I'm going to stay here and have my week's vacation. And if the police want me, they can come and get me." She flung the telegram on the floor and took off her hat and coat.

After dinner that night Sylvia received a notice from the telegraph company that it had received a draft of five hundred dollars which would be paid to her upon application. She telephoned an astonished clerk that he might notify the sender that she refused to accept the money. After that she felt much better.

There were many things to see and to do in Montreal. During the evening, Sylvia and Bonita made arrangements with one of the cabbies to take them in his ancient Victoria up Mount Royal on the following day and show them the famous panorama of the St. Lawrence and the town.

A guide book purchased in the hotel book shop spoke of the cathedrals, the famous hillside shrine of miraculous cures, the great fur houses, the French quarter and the campus of McGill University. They planned a sight-seeing route for each day in the week.

They were to leave for Mount Royal at nine o'clock in the morning, so they must plan to breakfast at eight. By midnight they were sleeping soundly.

* * *

A telephone bell jangling sharply in a hotel room at two a. m. inevitably suggests disaster.

Its voice in the Victorian bedroom brought Sylvia bolt upright in bed, stiff with dread and struggling to remember what had frightened her.

Bonita sat up after a moment, too. Her quiet voice first recalled to Sylvia their surroundings and their situation. "Get up and answer it, Sylvia," said Bonita, with quiet authority.

Sylvia obeyed, shivering in the draught of wintery air from the open windows.

The hotel operator replied to her tremulous hello: "Just a minute, please. Long distance calling Miss Sylvia Barton."

"This is Miss Barton." Sylvia clung to the telephone. Would the girl never make the connection?

There was a buzzing in the receiver, and an exchange of unintelligible words. Then the voice of David Kain came through, clear and resonant. "Sylvia!"

For a moment, she could not answer him. "Yes, David!"

"You've got to come home at once. This thing may break at any moment and if it's discovered you've run away to Canada, you'll have less chance than ever."

"Can you catch the morning train back?"

"But David," she cried. "What's happened?"

"The maid," he said. "The French maid will break the story to the papers. I can keep her quiet perhaps for two or three days. But that's all. She think I'm hunting for you, and she promised to wait that long.

(Continued on Page 20)

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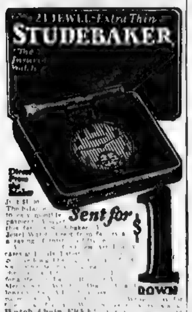

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Advertisement.

Opportunity knocks more than once at everyone's door

No age limit on success if you keep fit

PEOPLE used to think that if you passed up one chance to make good, you'd never have another. That if you hadn't made your mark by the time you were 40, you *never* would. "That's all bunk," people say today.

There's many a man who'll tell you he was past 50 when he made his first big success. Their experience runs something like this.

"I'd been going through life, always just missing out on everything. Worked like a dog, too. But never seemed to get anywhere.

"It was a doctor who put me wise to myself. Told me not to blame it on luck. That the trouble was with me—right inside myself.

"He recommended Nujol. I took it for three months. Never missed a day. And, say, I began to feel like a younger brother myself. Decided there was life in the old dog yet. Still time to make good. When my big chance came, I was all ready, waiting to grab it."

Nujol keeps your body functioning just as Nature meant it to, under all conditions. It's a pure substance that works normally and naturally. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal. These poisons drag you down, slow you up mentally and physically, dull your whole outlook on life, make you half-hearted.

Buy a bottle of Nujol today. Your druggist carries it. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. In sealed packages only. Take it regularly for the next three months. It can't possibly upset or disagree with you (for it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs). And if you're like everyone else it will do you a lot of good. A bottle of Nujol costs no more than a couple of good cigars. Aren't you willing to bet that much on yourself?

(Thousands write us letters like this)

AND *"This way saves the clothes, too" says Mrs. B. S. Patch of Winter Hill*

"No wonder everybody around here is talking about Rinso. I'll never forget the first time I tried it. Talk about surprises. The wash was white as *white* can be—yet all I did was soak and rinse!

"I'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps again—because I can see how the scrubless Rinso way saves the clothes. And how good it is to my hands, too!

"I use Rinso for dishes, and for all household cleaning. I like the suds—they're so thick, creamy and lasting."

MRS. B. S. PATCH, 125 Sycamore St., Winter Hill, Mass.

This famous soap is *so* economical

Because it's a compact, granulated soap, one cupful of Rinso gives more suds—does more washing—than two cupfuls of lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

And when it comes to washing clothes snowy-white—nothing equals Rinso. For only Rinso can gi[illegible] R[illegible] *whiteness*.

And *so* safe! You can trust even your finest linens to Rinso's gentle care. No scrubbing—dirt and stains *soak out*. No wonder clothes and hands are spared!

No wonder the makers of 36 leading washing machines say, "Use Rinso for whiter washes and safety!"

Get the BIG package!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

It's all you need in tub or machine for a *whiter* wash

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

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Mistral — By Max Brand

(Continued from Page 16)

—and they were at fruit and nuts.

"Lindley," said the judge, "what are you and Halcyone talking about so busily?"

He reached back into his mental record of that conversation, and his hand fell at a familiar place.

"I was asking her if she knew the old song about the dapple-hound and the Peterby fox."

"A hunting song, Lindley. I have it somewhere in my mind."

"Then bring it out, sir, won't you? I'm keen to know it. Only have the first few words."

"If I had a start at it I might remember."

That was enough invitation, and Bister, tilting back his head, sang in a rather husky baritone, most unmercifully loud:

"Go down, go down, go down
through the whin, ye!
Down, down to Peterby spinney,
For there they've found. Do ye hear him Tell?
It's Dapple, Dapple, as true as a bell!
And his ——"

"I lose the thing there," said Bister.

And suddenly the room sounded very still around him. Gregory was a statue, the ticking of the great clock in the hall walked stealthily toward him, and then he was aware of the fierce, bright eyes of the Colonel fixed upon him.

"You seem in voice, sir," said the Colonel coldly. "Positively voice for a concert—or a hunting field, I'd say?"

It was odd that they should take it so queerly. A bit of wine might bring him the explanation, and reaching for his glass, somehow he missed the stem, only the tip of his finger hit it and it spun sideways, crashed and tossed a crimson shower over the white shirt front of Judge Postlethwaite.

Surely the devil had nudged that guilty hand of his!

He was on his feet, dabbing at the judge with a napkin.

"Don't understand," murmured Bister. "Devilishly shorty—sorry, I mean. Ephremely unfortunate—"

"Sir!" rang the voice of the colonel, "how does it happen that you are at my table in this condition? Will you retire to your room? Gregory!"

The face of Gregory seemed to Bister whiter than the spinning white lights on the table, but the hand of Gregory on his arm was a hand as steady as iron, guiding him through the wavering doorway and up the ridiculous confusion of the stairs into a dimly familiar chamber.

Voices sounded, whispering, frightened; footsteps ran hastily toward him; many hands received him. Then many exclamations. Subdued curses. And out of the gathering darkness the quiet voice of Chance: "Not quite sober enough to keep sober. This will be about the end!"

CHAPTER III.

Old Friends Fall Out.

A MOMENT after Bister had left the room under the strong-handed conduct of Gregory, the three who remained made a speaking picture of self-control. The colonel was white about the lips; Judge Postlethwaite, though he forced himself to smile, was breathing hard through dilated nostrils; and Halcyone Tiverton looked earnestly at her plate and then about the room in a desperate effort to find something gathered from half the face of Europe, and you know it, Charles! They came to William of Normandy like a staunch pack when they hear an old hound bell. Those Normans were apt to be dark-browed fellows, Hal. Lean-faced, high-nosed falcon race. They came over Merry England like a cloud of ravens, and fixed their talons on the good things. Well, look at the majority of the pictures. There you have the general type of the Normans. That's the Bister type, too. Dark, lean, active, keen. But, of course, after they got to England they occasionally would marry a girl of the soil now and again; the daughter of some lucky thane who wasn't pushed out of all his rightful holdings after the conquest. What they didn't get by the sword, they got by marriage, those Norman rascals."

"One moment, Whitney. You really are running on a bit. How could they get the Saxon land where the Saxon thane still lived?"

"Because, if they secured even a woman's right to a bit of land, they knew how to get a man's right also. They were not great scholars, but they knew how to write the proper documents with their swords. Don't deny it, Bister. He's as touchy about those old villians, Hal, as though they hadn't lived nine centuries ago. As though they were relatives of yesterday!

"At any rate, the Bisters married enough into the Saxon strain to show a fair face now and again in the line of the true descent. Not often, though. So you see the dark faces and the blues eyes of these Bisters around the wall. And see the dark face and the blue eyes of this colonel, for that matter. But Sir Walter showed the other touch. Golden-haired, you see."

Miss Tiverton was rather bored by this long harangue, but she mastered her desire to yawn; she was so pleased that she had brought the conversation out of the deeps of silence following the disgraceful exit of young Bister; and presently they left that unlucky table and went into the library and settled down around the crackling fire.

The judge seemed to be in astonishingly good humor, and he took his place before the fire to sun himself in its warmth, teetering back and forth from toe to heel until he saw himself at full length in the mirror at the opposite end of the room; it was such a clear image that he could not miss the great pink and purple stain on his shirt front. And suddenly he sat down in a chair where the light was more shadowy and his shoulder was turned to the others.

The colonel, however, had not met with any such check, and his spirits continued to rise.

"There were worlds to conquer, in those old days," said he. "There was something to do then, judge!"

"Tush!" said the judge testily. "There are worlds still. Just a big; bigger!"

"Eh?" murmured Colonel Bister. "Where are they, pray?"

"Why, field of science. Look at wireless; marvelous! Atoms, electrons—wonderful! Breaking down all the old ideas. New mental world. Something to explore forever. Columbus? A mere amateur adventurer compared with a modern scientist!"

"Ha!" said the colonel, controlling his voice with difficulty.

"Exactly, Charles. Exactly. You must not wear on out of clothes all year round, and you must be prepared to junk your preconceptions, now and then, and fit yourself up with new ideas. Open your mind, Charlie. Open your mind and let the world flow into it!"

This exhortation he pronounced with growing warmth and self-content, speaking in part around an excellent Havana which he was lighting. He had forgotten the wine stain on his shirt.

The colonel in the meantime had set his jaw a little.

"The mind is a storehouse of precious documents, Whitney," said he.

"Open the door therefore and put something in, from time to time."

The judge so enjoyed his advantage in this exchange of metaphors that he could not help rocking back in his chair and breaking into laughter. But in so doing his eye unluckily fell again on the broad stain which ruined his otherwise impressive front.

"The great days are ended," said the colonel with the dignified assurance of one who step upon the sacred ground of old convictions. "Honor and glory need the sword. The sword is sheathed forever in this degenerate century. We are less than our grandfathers, Whitney. Their grandfathers were better still. And so back to the days when there were whole men, not the half men of our time, or the quarter men of tomorrow. Specialists in chemistry or operation law. A soul no larger than a book or a test tube! No, no! The world degenerates. General Sidney Bister risked his life to get to a kill and died with a smile. Where is there a man today who will attempt such a thing?"

"Ten thousand aviators, my dear Charlie."

"Ha. Postlethwaite, will you compare driving a man-made machine with the glory of riding God's noblest creature in the hunt?"

"Rescue your sense of humor, Charles; it's dying I'm afraid. Will you have a man die for the sake of a fox's life, as General Sidney Bister did?"

"Wrong, wrong, Postlethwaite! He died for the sake of a great idea. The hunt trains the finest faculties of man; prepares him, for instance, for war. Teaches him to face danger; endure weariness. Nerves body and mind. It is the horse, Whitney, the horse which teaches the proud soul to spurn and trample under foot all save glory and bright honor! And I say the men of the old days were of this metal, and today we have fallen away from the old standards."

"In one respect we certainly have fallen away."

"You admit it?"

"Our young men have forgotten how to manage their liquor, it appears."

Miss Tiverton started a little. "Uncle Whitney! Uncle Whitney, please!"

"Let him speak up, Miss Tiverton. Let your uncle speak. One never may know some minds unless the doors of them are stirred up."

"Drugs, Colonel Bister?" said the judge.

"Drugs, sir."

"Extraordinary language!"

"Judge Postlethwaite, there is a moment when forbearance becomes a slavish fault."

"Sir, I agree with you," said the judge, starting up.

"I have endured," broke in the colonel, "while you called my ancestors rascals and villains; but now it seems that you extend your abuse even to the present generation! It is too much."

"Colonel Bister, I bid you good evening and good by. Halcyone, we are leaving at once."

"I shall have your car called, sir?"

"You are very kind."

The girl turned from one to the other, very frightened, and very appealing, but she saw so much resolute darkness in their faces that she gave up her desire to intervene and hurried from the room with her uncle at her heels.

Colonel Bister held her coat for her, while the judge stood by, snapping his fingers and biting his lips. The automobile whirred outside the door, and as it was opened Halcyone could no help catching the hand of Colonel Bister and saying earnestly: "I'm so sorry. So, so sorry."

"Not are a sweet child, Halcyone," said the colonel.

And so much moisture rushed into his eyes that he made haste to leave the open door and go to his rooms.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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She raised the glasses *eagerly*

BUT *he* was not interested in the hunt. Her slim white hands, so beautiful, so well kept, fascinated him. How well they spoke of her quiet, impelling charm!

People do judge you by your finger-nails. Keep them neat and attractive—free from ragged, ugly edges. Use a La Cross Nail File just a few minutes each day. At drug and department stores, 10c to 45c.

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NAIL FILES
SCISSORS TWEEZERS
MANICURE SETS
This 5" triple-cut file No. 133-5, 25c

"I Could Cry Over My Skin"

That's what I used to say—the pimples and blackheads were so bad and my skin used to itch so terribly. But when I tried Rowles Mentho Sulphur I noticed a wonderful change overnight. It wasn't long before my skin was perfectly clear and healthy looking. Sulphur is a remarkable thing for cleaning the skin, and as the sulphur clears it menthol soothes and heals the sore, broken tissue. This twofold action of sulphur and menthol is what skin troubles need, and this is what you get in Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Pimples, acne, rash and even hard, stubborn cases to this combination. Try it in your case and see how soft, clear and white your skin becomes. Be sure it's Rowles Mentho Sulphur you get.

Advertisement.

RECIPE TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

You Can Make a Better Gray Hair Remedy Than You Can Buy.

Gray, streaked or faded hair is not only unbecoming, but unnecessary. Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

BARBO

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to comb or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it; then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvenol; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. Four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you may have. This simple remedy never fails.

High Seasonings Once in a While

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Tomato Sauce.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter and in it cook 3 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon each, salt and pepper. Blend well. Add 1 cup of strained tomato puree and ½ cup well seasoned brown stock. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Keep over hot water until serving time.

Tony's Spaghetti.

MINCE 3 or 4 slices of bacon and cook with 1 slice onion until delicately browned. Add ½ can strained tomatoes, ½ box Italian tomato paste, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon mace, a few grains cayenne and a bit of bay leaf. Bring to the boiling point and simmer gently about 1 hour. Pour over hot boiled spaghetti and let stand over hot water 10 minutes.

Celery Relish.

WASH 6 bunches of celery and finely chop. Press 1 large can of tomatoes through sieve. Finely chop 1 sweet red pepper. Mix 1 pound sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon celery seed and 1½ cups vinegar. Add vegetables and simmer gently 1½ or 2 hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Horseradish Sauce.

MIX 3 tablespoons grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and blend well. Fold in ¼ cup cream, beaten stiff.

Corn Rarebit.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter, in it cook 1 minced green pepper until soft, and 1 pound thinly sliced cheese and stir constantly until melted. Add 1 cup drained canned corn, ½ teaspoon salt, and 4 egg yolks beaten and mixed with ⅔ cup sifted tomato pulp. Reheat over hot water, stirring until egg is cooked.

Spiced Beef Tongue.

WASH a fresh beef tongue and parboil gently about 1 hours. Drain, saving the water in which it was boiled. Rub the tongue with salt, pepper, allspice, cloves and a little mace and dredge with flour. Barely cover with water in which it was boiled. Add a few raisins, 6 or 8 allspice and a few whole peppers. Cover and simmer gently about 4 hours. About 1 hour before it is done add ¼ cup brown sugar and 1 sliced lemon. Five minutes before removing from fire add 1 teaspoon vinegar. Serve with the gravy and slices of lemon garnished with parsley and raisins.

Safe to End

GRAY HAIR

If you employ this way!

TEST FREE

A NEW safe way has been found to bring back original shade to gray hair—to remove faded streaks and restore graying parts—to make the hair live looking and lustrous.

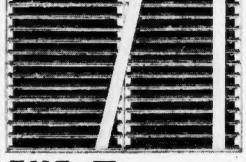
This way is clean and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

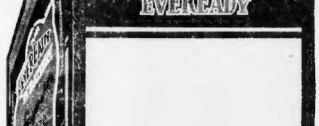
Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Get full size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted.

Or write for free test supply (*give color of hair*) to Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S *Hair Color Restorer*

Diagram of Eveready Layerbilt construction





This is the LARGE SIZE Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery for heavy duty. No. 486, the famous and original Layerbilt. 45 cells. $4.25. Layerbilt construction is a patented Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

THE EVEREADY LAYERBILT

ELIMINATES 82 CHANCES FOR TROUBLE!

IN THE ordinary 45-volt battery made of individual separately sealed cells, regardless of their shape, there have to be 60 soldered connections and 29 fine connecting wires—89 chances for trouble!

In the Eveready Layerbilt, there are only five soldered connections, and instead of fine connecting wires we use two broad metal bands, each ⅝ inch wide. All other connections are made automatically. 82 chances for trouble have been eliminated.

And that's only one reason why the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery is so reliable.

It is built of *flat* cells, and the flat shape means that more materials are packed inside a given space. Hence, longer life. The flat cells make connection with each other by the pressure of the sides of each cell against its neighbors.

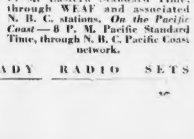
An Eveready Layerbilt comes as close to being a single-one-piece high voltage battery as a battery can be. It's the best battery we know how to build, and we have been building batteries for 36 years. Today the Eveready Layerbilt is the most popular "B" battery made.

It comes in two sizes. No. 486, the LARGE SIZE for heavy duty, the largest, longest lasting and most economical of all Eveready. Much to be preferred on modern sets. Costs $4.25, Lasts 30% longer than the cylindrical cell Eveready of its identical size.

We also make the Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt No. 485. List price, $2.95. Lasts 25% longer than the cylindrical cell Eveready of its identical size.

When you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts. Look for the name on the label.

Diagram of troublesome cylindrical cell construction



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TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT—*East of the Rockies*—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. *On the Pacific Coast*—8 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

SEE AND HEAR THE NEW EVEREADY RADIO SETS

Mad Money

By Virginia Swain

(Continued from Page 18)

"Don't you see, Sylvia? This is worse than we thought. It's more than a reputation we've got to worry about. The maid insists it's murder!"

The last word was almost whispered. It came along the wire like a hushed breath from another world.

Sylvia gave a cry that brought Bonita to her side.

"David," she said. "David!" She rattled the receiver hook wildly. Dead silence answered her.

After a moment, the hotel operator plugged in. "Number, please?"

"You cut me off." Sylvia's voice was agonized.

"Sorry, miss. The party that called you has hung up."

"Can't you ring him back?" Sylvia pleaded.

The operator answered indifferently, "I'll try."

In the darkness of the Victorian bedroom Bonita and Sylvia clung together. It had not occurred to either of them to turn on the lights. Against the pale square of the window, they could see the wet blobs of snow still splashing. The room was breathlessly still.

The stillness was shattered a second time by the clanging of the telephone. Sylvia fumbled for the receiver in a dull misery of helplessness, as one tries to move in a nightmare and fails.

Bonita reached forward suddenly and took the receiver off the hook. "Yes," she said. The faint grating of the operator's voice came to Sylvia.

Bonita hung up the receiver. "She says the call was made from a public telephone and the person calling has gone away."

Sylvia looked at her stupidly, seeing only a dim whitish blur in the dark room. Bonita walked to the light switch and pressed the button. "Get back into bed," she said to Sylvia. "It's freezing cold in this room."

Meekly, Sylvia crawled between the covers. After a minute, she sat up again. "I'm going to get them to ring his home," she said. "And if he isn't there, maybe they could get him at the office."

Bonita shook her head. "I wouldn't. I think this business has been discussed freely enough by telephone. I shouldn't have thought David would take the risk of calling you."

"I suppose," said Sylvia, still in that same strange voice, "he dared not wait for a letter to reach me. He says it's likely to be a case of—murder!" The word came out in a horrified whisper.

She saw Bonita's eyelids contract.

"If that's so," said Bonita, "then we certainly can't do any more talking over the telephone. And we can't risk letters or telegrams either. We've got to go back to town at once."

Sylvia nodded her head. "Yes, I suppose we have." There was no use in struggling. It was inevitable. Events had tracked and caught them.

Bonita turned the light off and lay down again in the darkness. Each, hoping that the other might be sleeping, lay speechless and wide awake till dawn. Then Sylvia fell asleep and dreamed of a ghastly man-hunt in a jungle, in which she was first quarry and then pursuer.

The sick Winter dawn came slowly, etching out the cathedral spires and bare leaves in the park. And in the street beneath their windows there were early morning sounds of carts and clanking milk bottles and the tread of laborers' feet.

Bonita was the first to rise. She was brushing her straight, mouse-colored hair before the mirror by a shaded light when Sylvia groaned and opened her eyes. The Victorian bedroom was gradually photographed on her consciousness, and with it came the memory of the conversation in the dark.

She buried her head in the pillow for a moment and refused to think. Bonita seeing her gesture of escape spoke up brightly. "Lazy Mary, will you get up? We have to pack our bags and breakfast before 8 o'clock."

Sylvia crawled out. To speak of breakfast seemed to her to show a barbarous insensibility.

Nevertheless, under Bonita's stern discipline she drank two cups of coffee and nibbled at her toast and marmalade.

They paid their bill and sent a porter for their bags. "It's a walk to the station," said Bonita.

It was going to be a fine day. The trees in the square were still dripping large drops from last night's snow. But the sun shone on the wet roofs and gilded the cathedral spires.

Their train left the Victoria Station and crossed the dazzling sun-lit river. Great blocks of ice were breaking off near the banks and whirling slowly down the current.

Soon afterwards they watched the Wintry lakes and jagged hillsides of the Adirondack country slide by.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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WASH and scrape parsnips and cut in slices. Boil until tender. Drain and put 2 or 3 cups in a baking dish. Pour over them about 1½ cups well seasoned white sauce. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and set in moderate oven to melt cheese.

WASH and peel Malaga grapes. Remove seeds. Sprinkle grapes with a little French dressing made with lemon juice. Just before serving, drain and arrange on crisp romaine or endive. Sprinkle grapes with broken pecan or walnut meats and serve with French dressing.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter and in it cook 1 finely minced onion, 1 crushed clove of garlic, salt and pepper to taste and 1 cup of strained tomato pulp. Cook 10 minutes and add 1 cup of crab flakes. Reheat over hot water. Serve on rounds of hot toast.

PRESS 3 hard cooked egg yolks through potato ricer. Finely chop 3 egg whites. Moisten yolks with chutney until smooth enough to spread. Spread thin rounds of bread with the yolk mixture, garnish with chopped whites and serve on a plate covered with a doily.

MIX 4 cups bread crumbs, ½ cup melted butter, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 tablespoons onion juice and a little finely powdered sage or parsley. Add hot stock or water to moisten. If to be served cold add 2 or 3 eggs. Use as any stuffing.

MIX ½ cup flour, ¾ cup graham flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ⅞ cup milk and beat until smooth. Add 1 egg and ½ teaspoon melted butter and beat 2 minutes with an egg beater. Turn into hot buttered popover pans and bake 45 or 50 minutes in a hot oven.

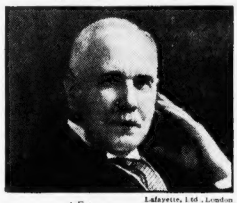
90% of your ailments start here - - and here is where yeast works

From throat to intestines is one continuous tube

When the intestines are clogged, unclean, poisons swiftly flood the system. They attack you in your weakest spot. That is how most of your ills begin—sore throat, colds, headaches, "nerves," bad digestion, bad skin . . . But here is where yeast works, daily keeping your intestines clean, active, healthy. Read below what five world-famous physicians say of yeast.

Why doctors of 5 countries urge yeast to keep intestines clean

ENGLAND



Lafayette, Ltd., London

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, BART., C. B., Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Chevalier of The Legion of Honor. He says: "Constipation is the curse of civilization . . . A shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for this complaint. The deficiency is most readily made up by the addition of fresh yeast."

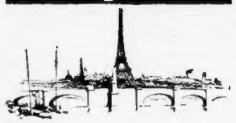
DOCTORS now agree that 90% of all ills start in an unclean intestinal tract—in the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

To combat constipation, regulate digestion, and clear blotchy complexions, leading physicians in 5 countries advocate fresh yeast. Likewise, in a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants which combat harmful poisons, purify the system as they pass through your intestines daily. Appetite and digestion improve; skin is restored to lovely freshness.

Start today! Eat 3 cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place.

FRANCE



DR. GASTON LYON, Laureate of The Academy of Medicine; former Chief, Medical Clinic, Faculty of Paris; an outstanding figure in the French medical world. He states: "Yeast reduces intestinal fermentation and regulates the functioning of the intestine . . . It should be used all the more since it can be taken without inconvenience."

DENMARK

DR. ERIK BEGTRUP, brilliant young Danish doctor specializing in dietetics and metabolism, Lecturer, University of Copenhagen, staff, Copenhagen Municipal Hospital. He says: "Nutrition problems show that sufficient vitamins are necessary for a wholesome diet. Fresh yeast contains Vitamin B in greater amount than any other easily obtainable food."

GERMANY

DR. KURT HENIUS, Professor in the world-famous University of Berlin; Lecturer, Intestinal Clinic, University II Charité; former physician to German royalty; a prominent factor in German medicine today. He says: "Yeast has won its place in internal medication. In constipation, yeast promotes peristalsis (intestinal action) and easy elimination."

AUSTRIA

PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, international authority on nutrition; Professor, Hochschule fur Bodenkultur, Vienna; member, International Scientific Council, International Institute of Agriculture, Rome; member, German and American scientific bodies. He states: "Yeast not only helps nutrition but also promotes health and physical and mental well-being."

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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Let's Talk About Tea!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE is an old Chinese legend which tells of a naughty boy who was provoked at his aged grandmother. Refusing to obey her commands, he angrily grabbed a bunch of leaves from a bush growing near her hut, and threw them into the pot of water which she was boiling preparatory to dinner. To their mutual amazement, the fragrant odor that instantly resulted made them pause, and later taste the unknown beverage. It is even rumored that the grandmother was so entranced by the new drink that she forgot to whip her rebellious grandson as he deserved. The strange drink was tea—familiar for hundreds of years in the Orient, and likewise today a staple on our own pantry shelves.

What is tea? It is a beverage made by infusing the leaves of the tea-plant, which is an evergreen shrub growing in high altitudes in the countries of China, Japan and India. Its leaves—as variously treated and handled—give rise to the different trade or local names under which it is marketed. The housewife should clearly understand this classification in order to market and brew more wisely. By whatever names called, tea is of three chief kinds — and from three main countries, as follows:

From China: Green—(a) Gunpowder, (b) Imperial, (c) Hyson; Black, Oolong.

From India and Ceylon: Black—(a) Assam, (b) Darjiling; Green.

From Japan and Formosa: Oolong, Green.

What are the distinctions between the three—Green, Black and Oolong? The difference consists in the condition and treatment of the leaves: (1) Green teas are **unfermented**; (2) Black teas are **fermented**; (3) Oolong teas are **partially fermented**. Further, there are "points" as to just how these fermentation processes take place: (1) Green tea is that which has been promptly dried to preserve the natural (or green) leaf color; (2) Black tea is produced by spreading the green leaves on canvas trays soaked in water. Next by piling the trays in a hot room, and last, rolling the leaves and drying (or firing) them at a high temperature. (3) Oolong teas are treated like black or fermented teas except that they are "fired" when the fermentation process is only half finished. The "Oolong" stands thus between the green and the black tea in point of natural, or light, versus strong flavor.

But the housewife must needs know additional tea facts. Green teas are further described by the shape and rolling of the leaves. Thus all of the green teas (gunpowder, imperial and young hyson) differ as to their leaf rolling—small round rolls are gunpowder, large round rolls are called imperial, while tea shaped in long rolls is named young hyson.

On the other hand, in describing the black teas, there are distinctions based on the leaf size: the (1) orange pekoe is the smallest leaf; the (2) pekoe is the next smallest, and the (3) pekoe souschoung is the largest and coarsest leaf. That delicious size known as "flowery pekoe" is made from the tip of the stem and its buds, and is seldom seen in this country except in Oriental restaurants and shops. There is a "golden flowery pekoe," to be secured from the real Oriental specialty shop, which makes a drink as fragrant and delicate as diluted perfume. Darjiling tea is especially cultivated at high altitudes in the Himalayas, and is selected for quality and highest flavor.

Good tea then, should consist of small leaves (as evidenced by their size after brewing), by absence of stems, dust, etc., or leaves that have much midrib in proportion to the size of the leaf proper. And no tea can be flavorful after brewing unless it has been kept airtight (just as perfume and flavoring extracts must be kept well corked); this means good packaging in tinfoil or suitable equivalent, or in tin containers. Further, it means **keeping the leaves airtight after the package reaches the housewife's shelf!**

All tea leaves contain also three chief ingredients: (1) **tannin**, or a slightly bitter and astringent substance; (2) **aromatic oils**, which yield the odor and fragrance; (3) and **caffein**, a mild stimulant. The object of good brewing is to extract the aromatic oils and fragrances without extracting an excess of tannin or caffein—any method which accomplishes this double purpose should result in "a good cup of tea."

In general, the "black" teas are better suited to hot beverages than to cold or iced drinks, because they "cloud" after steeping. "Clouding" is not an indication of poor quality, but such a tea does not make a clear attractive drink, especially when taken from a glass. Black teas go well with cream and sugar; green and light teas with lemon and sugar, or simply plain, as the Orientals take their tea. Interesting to an American is the habit in England of always calling a cup of light or green tea, "china-tea." Again, in France, a cup of tea may be made of any one of several herbs or **tisanes**, in which case they seem most unlike our standard "tea" infusion, although delicious and refreshing.

"Polly Put the Kettle On"—but how shall tea be made? Here are steps tested and true, which everyone knows, but which we do not always follow:

1. Rinse glass or china or enamel pot with scalding water.
2. Drop in tea leaves—allowing one teaspoonful for each cup.
3. Pour over gloriously bubbling boiling water.
4. Cover and steep three minutes.
5. Pour beverage off grounds immediately.
6. Keep pot hot with padded "cosy."

Never wipe the inside of the teapot with any kind of towel or the hand. You recall the Chinese father who tested his son's carelessness by whether or not he did put his hand within the teapot! Keep tea supply in a glass or tin airtight "caddy" all of the time, never in a half opened box. The housewife must be the final link of care in the long chain involving hundreds of hands who have perfected the leaves and brought them to our home table. If, as it is claimed, Russian tea is never even carried across water because of possible impairment of its flavor, then how necessary that the housewife not only understand how to buy tea, how to make it and serve it, but also how to preserve its fragrant flavor in her kitchen before intelligently brewing into the "cup that cheers."

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Raw Potato Cakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Oatmeal, Creamed Celery on Toast, Toasted Rolls, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Chopped Pineapple with Sliced Oranges, Broiled Tripe, Potato Pancakes, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toast, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Oatmeal, French Omelet, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Baked Bananas, Corned Beef and Potato Hash, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, French Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin, Lettuce Salad, Baked Stuffed Apples, Tea.	*Luncheon* Salmon and Green Pea Salad, Hot Baking Powder Biscuits, Prune Trifle.	*Luncheon* Emergency Soup, Salad of Cream Cheese and Quince Jelly, Tea.	*Luncheon* Grilled Sardines, Spiced Beets, Small Raisin Pies, Tea.	*Luncheon* Baked Onions, Canned Tomato Salad, Small Date Puddings with Hard Sauce.	*Luncheon* Corn Rarebit, Celery, Rolls, Stewed Dried Fruit, Tea.	*Dinner* Delicate Veal, Buttered Samp, Cauliflower with Garnish of Beets, Orange Shortcake, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner Marinated Kidney Chops, Riced Potatoes, Turnip Greens, Pepper, Tomato and Celery Relish, Butterscotch Pie.	*Dinner* Fricassee of Duck, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Currant Jelly, Banana Bavarian Cream.	*Dinner* Cottage Pie (Left-overs), Curried Vegetables, Lettuce Salad with Savory French Dressing, Baked Apple Tapioca.	*Dinner* Sirloin Steak with Mushrooms, Boiled Potatoes, Buttered Cauliflower, Pineapple Butterscotch Cake.	*Dinner* Pickerel with Horseradish Sauce, Potato Puffs, Spinach, Jellied Fruit Salad, Toasted Cheese Wafers, Half Cups Coffee.	*Dinner* Roast Leg of Veal, Browned Potatoes, Creamed Chives, Delmonico Peach Pudding.	*Supper* Creamed Tuna Fish, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Toasted Crackers.

DISSOLVE 2 teaspoons beef extract in 2 cups boiling water. Add 2 cups strained canned tomatoes and bring to the boiling point. Add 1 cup well-washed rice and 1⅓ teaspoons salt and a few grains pepper. Steam until the rice is tender. Add ¼ cup butter, stirring carefully with a fork so that grains may not be crushed.

Selecting Canned Goods

HOUSEWIVES who have felt themselves at the mercy of the manufacturer and the grocer in the selection of canned goods will welcome a few practical suggestions on how to detect spoiled goods.

"Reject any can that is bulging or abnormal in any way and any can that is rusty or shows signs of having been reprocessed. Both ends of a can should be flat or should curve slightly inward and should not slip back when pressed; all seams should be tight and clean with no trace of leaks," advises Dr. J. C. Anderson, health officer of Texas.

Sometimes there is doubt even after the can is opened. There should be no outrush of gas or spurt of liquid and no trace of foreign or objectionable odor. Nor should there be disintegration or mold. The inside of a can should be bright and clean and not extensively corroded or blackened.

American Weekly Patterns

A COMFORTABLE MORNING FROCK (6360). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make this style for a 38-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 2⅞ yards of bias binding.

A PLEASING AFTERNOON OR INFORMAL DINNER DRESS (6368). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the pattern in a 38-inch size will require 3⅜ yards of 54-inch material. For facing of contrasting material on the draperies, 1¼ yards will be required, 36 or 39 inches wide.

A STYLISH MODEL (6366). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. If "apron" is made of contrasting material it will require ⅝ yard 40 inches wide.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (6376). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the dress for a 14-year size, as pictured in the large view, will require 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. If made with long sleeves, 4¾ yards will be required.

A DAINTY DRESS FOR A TINY TOT (6383). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. To make the dress for a 1-year size will require 1⅜ yards of 32-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 10c in silver and 2c in stamps for each pattern (each number represents one pattern), to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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P. O. Box No. 260, City Hall Station, New York, N. Y.
12c EACH.

6360...Bust	6366...Bust
6368...Bust	6376...Years
6383...Years	

Name ....
St. & No. ....
City & State ....

Send 10c in SILVER for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1929 Book of Fashions in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

No Wonder His Mother's Proud

"Yes sir, I am certainly proud of my little boy," says Mrs. J. S. Bellah, 104 Huff Ave., San Antonio. "He's the picture of health as you can see, and I feel like he'll always be that way as long as I can get California Fig Syrup. I have used it with him ever since he was a year old. I knew what to give him for his colds and his feverish, upset spells because Mother used California Fig Syrup with all of us as children. I have used it freely with my baby and he loves it. It always fixes him up, quick."

In many homes, like this, the third and fourth generations are using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup because it has never failed to do what is expected of it. Nothing so quickly and thoroughly purges a child's system of the souring waste which keeps him cross, feverish, headachy, bilious, half-sick, with coated tongue, bad breath and no appetite or energy as long as it is allowed to remain in the little stomach and bowels. Fig Syrup gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act as Nature intends them to do, and helps build up and strengthen weak, pale and underweight children. Over four million bottles used a year shows its popularity. The genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years, always bears the word "California."

Why Be GRAY?

NO ONE NEED suffer the disadvantages of gray hair when science offers Kolor-Bak! You can note color being imparted under the gentle, gradual action of this clean, colorless liquid. The one bottle is right for all shades—blonde, auburn, brown or black. Nor do you risk unnatural shades uncertain preparations often produce. Hair stays lustrous—only the gray goes. Kolor-Bak can't harm the finest hair. Why experiment on even one lock of hair since Kolor-Bak is sold on a money back guarantee?

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

Blemishes Cleared Away

Muncie Ind.—"Resinol Soap has worked wonders for me. I had been bothered for a few years with pimples on my face and had tried various soaps and lotions in an effort to overcome this condition, but without success. Resinol Soap was recommended to me, so I tried it and have used it ever since. It not only restored my skin to a healthy, normal condition, but it has kept it so."—(Signed) Mrs. J. O. Dailey.

Resinol is recommended by doctors everywhere for almost all types of skin disorders—eczema, rashes, pimples, cloudy complexion. Spread on a little Resinol Ointment at night; then wash off with Resinol Soap and hot water in the morning. Do this once a day. Try it yourself. *At all druggists.*

For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. D, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle everyone admires. Having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing. Not just soap and water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. Millions use regularly! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at dealers

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HEALTH AUTHORITY GIVES SEVEN WAYS TO FIGHT OFF FLU

Rules suggested by Life Extension Institute

1. Keep out of crowds all you can.
2. Remove germs from hands as often as possible.
3. Get plenty of rest, sleep, exercise, fresh air and nourishing food.
4. Avoid exposure to chill and wet, especially when tired.
5. Fortify yourself to resist the flu by having a health examination.
6. If you have the real flu don't take "home remedies"—call a doctor.
7. Be careful in convalescence. It is a danger period.

SAYS HANDS SPREAD 27 DISEASES

For greater safety wash them oftener, urge authorities

That hands are the great carriers of disease is scientifically

125,000,000 COLDS IN U. S. THIS WINTER

Many cases lead to Flu

Figuring on the basis that practically every person has one cold a winter, health authorities ... will be

No sickness for 7 years in this home ....

Mrs. Sava is only one of millions of America's mothers who guard family health this simple Lifebuoy way

—"and LIFEBUOY health soap with its antiseptic lather deserves much of the credit," **says this happy mother**

"IT *is* wonderful never to have to worry about sickness," says Mrs. Ann M. Sava, bright-eyed mother of two ruddy-cheeked youngsters.

"We haven't had the slightest illness in our home for at least seven years and I really think that Lifebuoy deserves a good part of the credit.

"My husband first introduced Lifebuoy to me and I fell in love with it right away; it agrees so wonderfully with my skin.

"But the big reason we all use Lifebuoy is because it gets the germs off. It's so easy for children to catch sickness from other youngsters that we'd never feel our children were safe if it weren't for Lifebuoy and its wonderful antiseptic lather."—*Mrs. Ann M. Sava, 36 Hawley Avenue, Port Chester, N. Y.*

Get the health soap habit!

Mrs. Sava's letter is typical of the faith millions of mothers have in Lifebuoy.

In your family, too, health protection is necessary. For hands are constantly touching things that others also have to handle—such as books, door-knobs, telephones. The Life Extension Institute lists 27 germ diseases that hands may spread. Why take chances when Lifebuoy's gentle antiseptic lather removes germs?

Adopt Lifebuoy for your whole family today—and give them added health protection—at no extra cost. You'll quickly learn to love Lifebuoy's pleasant *extra-clean* scent which tells you it purifies and which vanishes as you rinse.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
Removes Germs – Protects Health

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

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Full story of the famous *Blindfold* Cigarette Test

A leading university planned and supervised it. No one was asked to guess the identity of any cigarette, but simply to specify, *by number,* which cigarette tasted best. A complete summary of all the tests is given below.

If you seek the best *cigarette . . . kindest to the throat and most pleasing to the taste, consider the one selected as the best,* by number, *in a test where brand names were concealed.*

191 distinguished Americans, of discriminating judgment and unquestioned integrity, were blindfolded. Then each was given the four leading cigarettes to smoke. It was not a guessing contest. No one was asked to guess the name of any brand smoked. The only question asked was "Which cigarette do you like best?" Answers were given by number, not by brand name. The summary of this test, as given on this page, shows the decisive verdict for OLD GOLD. Fifty-five per cent (105 out of 191) selected it, *without knowing its identity!* They selected it by number, not by brand name. They selected it simply as the best cigarette. The remaining 45% of "first choices" were divided between the three other brands.

When merit alone counts, and all prejudice is removed, a majority vote is seldom wrong. With any open-minded smoker, OLD GOLD quality tells . . . And that's why OLD GOLD has increased its sales 400% the past year . . . in a sweep to popularity unparalleled in cigarette history.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS *in* 191 B*lindfold Tests*

BRAND	NUMBER OF FIRST CHOICES	PERCENTAGE OF FIRST CHOICES
OLD GOLD	105	54.97%
Brand X	33	17.28%
Brand Y	29	15.18%
Brand Z	24	12.57%

· S O C I E T Y ·

TEST NO. 14 . . . "OLD GOLD'S smoothness appealed to me at once." —MISS MARY B. WARBURTON

TEST NO. 76 . . . "The flavor was so marked that I chose it instantly." —MISS ANNE MORGAN

TEST NO. 22 . . . "Perceptibly smooth, stingless and pleasant to the taste." —MRS. EMILY POST

TEST NO. 9 . . . "OLD GOLD had just the qualities I've always desired." —MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

TEST NO. 51 . . . "OLD GOLD'S coolness immediately distinguished it." —DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

TEST NO. 83 . . . "The test proved OLD GOLD'S mild, smooth quality." —MRS. W. H. VANDERBILT

· T H E · M O V I E S ·

TEST NO. 69 . . . "OLD GOLD just 'clicked,' and I named it as my choice." —CHARLIE CHAPLIN

TEST NO. 58 . . . "There's not a cough in a filmful!" —NORMA TALMADGE

TEST NO. 46 . . . "So considerate of my tongue and throat!" —ADOLPHE MENJOU

· S T A G E ·

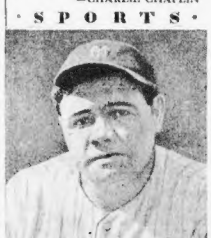
TEST NO. 65 . . . "OLD GOLD won when I tasted its thrilling flavor." —RICHARD BARTHELMESS

TEST NO. 54 . . . "I discovered one that was delightfully mild and pleasing." —BEATRICE LILLIE

· O P E R A ·

TEST NO. 60 . . . "So smooth and gentle that I chose it at once." —LUCREZIA BORI

· S P O R T S ·

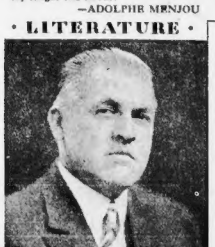


TEST NO. 30 . . . "Its mildness marked it as the best 'right off the bat.'" —BABE RUTH

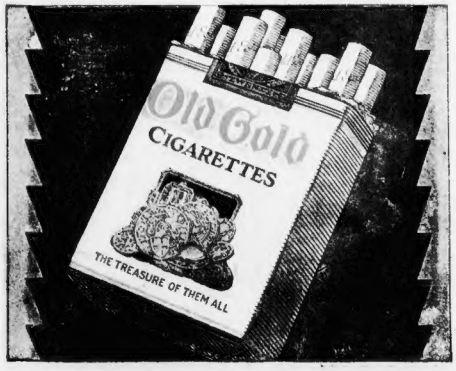
· A R T ·

TEST NO. 5 . . . "Not the slightest suggestion of throat or mouth irritation." —HARRISON FISHER

· LITERATURE ·



TEST NO. 35 . . . "I liked OLD GOLD'S flavor and ease to the throat." —REX BEACH



Why not a cough in a carload?

There is . . . there can be . . . but one answer—sheer tobacco quality. OLD GOLD'S *honey-like smoothness* . . . born of a finer tobacco . . . the golden-ripe *heart-leaves* . . . thrilling to the taste . . . and soothing to the throat.

"eat a Chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both*"